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March 1983
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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
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Bilal's new strip, "The City that Didn't Exist"
Plus: Kaluta and Crepax

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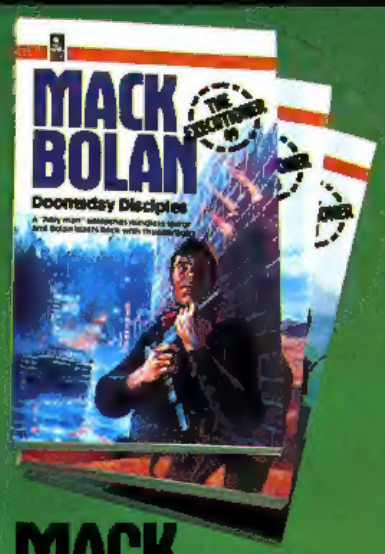
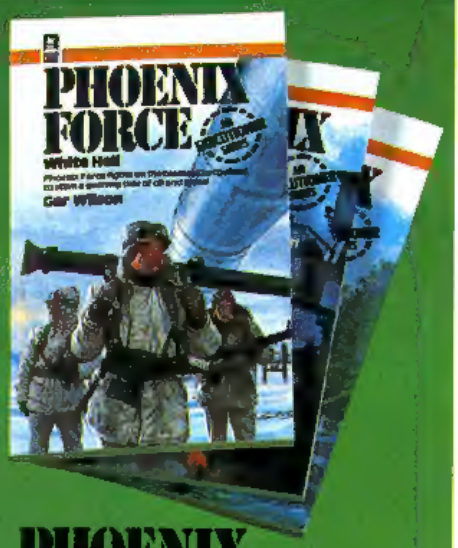


MACK BOLAN

ABLE TEAM



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DOSSIER

WHAT'S WRONG WITH COMICS?

It started with an innocent reader inquiry—something like: "Why don't you meatballs review more comics, eh?" Instantly, the nose-thumbing response, "Because they stink," word-ballooned over my head. Nasty, perhaps, but I'm afraid truthful. The line of thought vectored by my wagging fingers—tracing the why of the knee-jerk Bronx cheer—brought me to the question at the top of this page, and then to the genesis of this section.

The ugly fact is, I used to like comics—and as recently as five years ago regularly bought and read a good dozen of them every month. But then something happened. Nothing cataclysmic—just the slow realization that I hadn't the least desire to read any of the flimsy things still mysteriously accumulating on my bathroom's to-be-consumed rack. Buying comics had become pointlessly habitual, and whatever rewards I used to get, had almost totally withered away.

That something essential had gone Missing In Action was obvious. As someone who enjoyed comics more as an adult (if you call college-age adult) than as a child, something as simple as growing out of them didn't make much sense. As with rock'n'roll, I'd learned to grow back *into* comics after allowing teenage snobbish intolerance to reject them as worthless, immature kiddie shit. It was a one-two combo punch that did me in. First, the late-sixties flowering of underground comix opened up whole new sub-basements of perverse preoccupations never before hinted at comic-wise (drugs, sex—you know). Following closely was the early/mid-seventies' imposition of raw, energetic talent into the flagging mainstream assembly-lines (marked by the appearance of books like the Thomas/Smith *Conan*, Wrightson's *Swamp Thing*, Kaluta's *Shadow*, Gerber and Colan's *Howard the Duck*, Starlin's *Warlock*, and Englehart and Brunner's *Dr. Strange*), giving all of us a brief moment of self-deluding optimism that, dammit, though compromised, mainstream books *did* allow room for innovation.

But the mindless Berserker mentality of the Big Comics Machine made short work of that. It wasn't so much a matter of The Business chewing these young turks up and spitting them out, but more as if these guys were a bunch of rubber dinghies capsizing in the wake of a lumbering, automated super-tanker, blind to the devastating effect it's having. The twin ravages of irreversible industry momentum and premature deification by a newly-ascendant fandom, served to freeze these nascent talents in the larval stages of their development. Comics *almost* grew up in the seventies. It got a couple of steps into a precocious post-adolescence before it was institutionalized, and then (like Frances Farmer), sedated, gang-banged, and lobotomized into submission.

Unlike the bad-guys in the moronically simplified stories they tell, there are no real villains in the "Who Killed Comics" saga. The culprits are a vast, unconvened conspiracy of almost everyone involved—readers/fans who trowel unqualified praise on artists desperately needing critical honesty; style-deaf writers who confuse hyperbolic excess with real, craft-generated excitement and wield the English language with less finesse than a drunken Cimmerian performing a circumcision with a broadsword; star-struck, exploitation-ripe young artists whose total knowlege of anatomy derives from Neal Adams or John Buscema swipe files; cynical old hacks overskilled in the practice of artistic anonymity; dull-witted, easily panicked publishers more interested in engineering cross-media merchandising schemes than in making sure new talent (and raw material for future C-MMS's) is encouraged and developed . . . and so on.

That we're desperately in need of a new Comic Renaissance shouldn't be shocking news to anyone. The American comic book is poised on the brink of oblivion, and somehow I feel like standing by and yelling, "Jump!"

Am I a chorus of one? I wasn't sure and undertook the survey that follows as a way of justifying my malcontent, and maybe finding some encouraging words. I asked a wide spectrum of comic readers, fans, professionals, and critics to tell me what they thought was wrong with comics, in one hundred words. Following is the first batch of responses, with more to come next month. Of course, you too are invited to add your two cents. Who knows, something you say might just cheer me up.

—Lou Stathis

What's wrong with comics? Nothing! What could be wrong with a medium that has survived centuries of providing mass-audience education and entertainment? What's wrong with being the "television" of the twenties, a vehicle for protest in the sixties, and the forerunner (and idea source) for cinema in this decade? What, after all, is wrong with an easily exploitable print medium that can disseminate mindless escape and masturbatory fantasy? Are comics to blame if they employ brilliant artwork and lavish printing to tell shallow stories by those concerned only with their value as a money machine? Nothing is wrong with comics!! Comics are a valid and unique literary form. They are a training ground for the growing practice of sequential art. They can and will (I hope) deliver classical work of lasting value in our lifetime. THANK GOD NO ONE ASKED ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH COMIC BOOK ARTISTS, WRITERS, AND PUBLISHERS!

—Will Eisner

Traditionally, in the comics' farmlands, the best harvests have come from artists who were members of "creative families." These families, like sunshine, encouraged growth in seedling artists and provided a climate where perennial artists could mature.

Many great comic book farms—like the fifties EC/*Mad* gardens, and the sixties Marvel Comics growers—have proven the soundness of the agro-fam-

Will Eisner, creator of the Spirit, is universally acknowledged to be one of comics' greatest artist/storytellers.

Dan Steffan is a cartoonist and illustrator whose work has appeared in *HM*, *Dope Comix*, *Amazing SF* and *Galaxy* magazines.

Kim Thompson is the editor of *Amazing Heroes* Magazine.

Ted White, former *HM* editor, was a comic fan and critic long before anyone knew there were such things.

ily. They knew that if they gave their crops the necessary nutrients, the fruit produced would be ripe and bountiful. Unfortunately, today's Agro-Comic conglomerates have abandoned the cultivation of the perennial in favor of the profits to be made from this year's crop of unripened saplings. Today's farmers have forgotten that if they keep harvesting the same garden without revitalizing the soil, it will become barren and produce nothing of consequence.

—Dan Steffan

Superman strangled American comics in the crib, condemning them to an eternity of adolescent power fantasies. When the original energy of the concept withered, it was simply recycled again and again. There were alternatives: Barks, Biro, Kurtzman. But, as the wide base of the general readership was eroded, replaced by the dictatorship of the "fan cult" (whose adolescent tastes embraced the superhero with unholy enthusiasm), all alternatives died. Pretentious writing and flashy art attempted in vain to camouflage the stench of the rotting superman—a stench to which only the fans are impervious. The American comic book is a zombie. And the world laughs at it.

—Kim Thompson

Over twenty years ago Stan Lee introduced a fresh idea to the stale, post-EC, superhero comics: soap opera. Spider-Man couldn't get dates. The Fantastic Four continually quarreled. Although the early stories were usually complete in each issue, they dovetailed into on-going epics. It was a revolutionary idea that revitalized a second-rate company and gave the folks at *Superman* the first competition they'd had in years.

Today's comics consist of interminable episodes of never-ending epics, written by former fans who never learned how to tell concise stories. And only superhero comics are left, giving the field a single, narrow, self-indulgent focus.

—Ted White

Some forty years ago, the newsstands were abundantly filled with comics of all varieties. Today, there are fewer than five flavors of

COMIC JUSTICE/ POETIC RELIEF

Allen Ginsberg's "A Supermarket in California" as cartooned by Dave Morice from Poetry Comics.

Although you may wish you had a copy of **Dave Morice**'s new book of ***Poetry Comics*** (Simon & Schuster) back when you were struggling through English 101, you could still conceivably enjoy his witty, and often ironic, comic illustrations of everything from Donne and Shakespeare to Stephen Crane—even if the originals left you cold. If you haven't had the opportunity to grapple with your first poetry survey course yet, this book could spare you a lot of suffering.

But Morice's book is no mere oversized illustrated *Cliff Notes*. His purpose is specifically to "abuse the muse!" Morice has been publishing *Poetry Comics* Magazine out of his Iowa City home since 1978, but this collection raises classic poetry to a new level of high colloquialism. Stylized language is the perfect stuff for cartoons—it makes them funnier. Cartoon stylistics are applied with poetic justice, and often dealt out with great irony: for instance, illustrating Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," perhaps the greatest example of disillusionment in all literature, with "SMILE" faces—the woe-begone knight-at-arms and unsinging birds all have round heads, dots for eyes, and a turned-up half circle for a mouth! Or making over Ben Jonson's "To Celia" ("Drink to me only with thine eyes."), Robert Herrick's "To the Virgins" ("Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."), and an Emily Dickinson short despair, in the image of True Life Romance comics.

Sometimes, the poems are laden with images of modernity that give their semi-archaic language new relevance—like illustrating Keats's "When I Have Fears" with a patient on a shrink's couch, and naming the shrink "Dr. Byron Lord." Then there are moderns that are ultra-modern. Composer/theorist John Cage's "Empty Words" includes eleven empty frames; Allen Ginsberg's "A Supermarket in California" is already a comic strip—it merely needed to be filled in.

It's relieving to know that there's still a sensibility out there—Morice's—that places poetry and comics at equal ends of one spectrum of imagination. Though this collection may not appeal to poetry purists, those are exactly the ones who need it.

—Merle Ginsberg

WHY COMICS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE!
① the 1950s
GEE, BILL, IT LOOKS LIKE IT'LL TAKE A MIRACLE TO SAVE THIS COMPANY. WHAT'LL WE DO?
WELL, SINCE WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO LOSE, LET'S TRY SOMETHING NEW. HOW ABOUT HORROR COMICS?
② the 1960s
GEE, STAN, IT LOOKS LIKE HORROR ISN'T SELLING COMICS ANYMORE. WHAT'LL WE DO?
WELL, SINCE WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO LOSE, LET'S TRY SOMETHING NEW. HOW ABOUT HE-MEN WITH PROBLEMS?
③ the 1970s
GEE, ROY, IT LOOKS LIKE THE SUPER HERO MARKET HAS BOTTOMED OUT. WHAT'LL WE DO?
WELL, SINCE WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO LOSE, LET'S TRY SOMETHING NEW. HOW ABOUT A BARBARIAN COMIC?
④ the 1980s
GEE, BOSS, IT LOOKS LIKE THEIR MOVIE MADE MORE MONEY THAN OUR MOVIE. WHAT'LL WE DO?
SHIT! THIS COULD MEAN MY JOB! QUICK, LET'S RAISE THE PRICE OF OUR COMICS!

Robert Greenberger edits *Comics Scene* Magazine. **John Workman** is an artist whose work has appeared in *HM, Star-Reach,* and the *National Lampoon.* He's also been *HM*'s Art Director for the past five years.

Mary Wilshire, a NYC based freelance illustrator, has published work in *HM, National Lampoon, Crazy, Wet Satin, Young Lust, Aftershock,* upcoming in *Wimmen's Comix* and an issue of Marvel's *Red Sonia.*

WHAT TH'-
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' WRONG WIT' COMICS! THEY'RE JUST LIKE WRITIN' A NOVEL OR PAINTIN' A PITCHER— ONE GUY WIT' SOME INK 'N' PAPER, CREATIN' GREAT STUFF!
INDEED, THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE... BUT TODAY'S COMICS ARE THE RESULT OF CREATION BY COMMITTEE. NO LONGER IS ONE VISIONARY CREATOR IN CONTROL. THERE ARE TOO MANY PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS AND VICE PRESIDENTS IN CHARGE OF NOSE-PICKING PUTTING IN THEIR TWO CENTS' WORTH!
OH, YEAH?
YEAH! WHY, COMICS ARE ALMOST AS MESSED UP AS GULP! TELEVISION!

(WITH THANKS TO KOPPY.) —JOHN WORKMAN '83

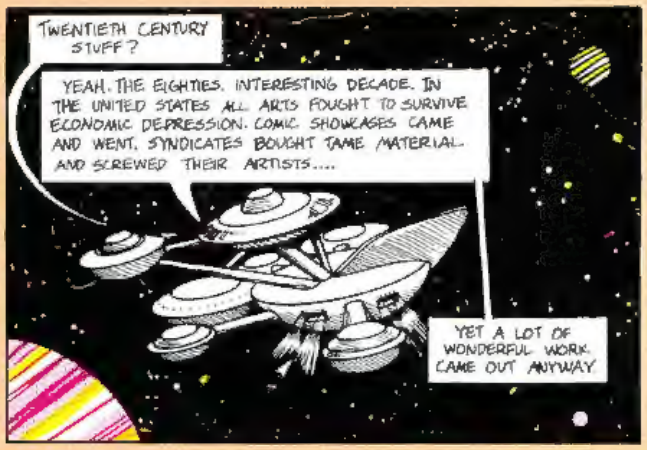
four-color excitement being published. One might think, with the growth of comic shops and alternative presses, we would be inundated with spies, gunfighters, lovers, air aces, and funny animals—perhaps even some serious, mainstream stories about the drama of real life. No chance. Instead of variety, we're being treated to mostly more of the same—science fiction and super-heroes—and none of it terribly well done. Much of it is terrible. There is great potential for expansion if the handful of distributors don't strangle the outlets for what innovative material is being published. Quite simply, this is the critical period for the graphic medium. And hopefully, we will see a new age in comics, one characterized by a greater variety of ideas, a greater number of publishers, and perhaps the greatest ever wealth of creativity.

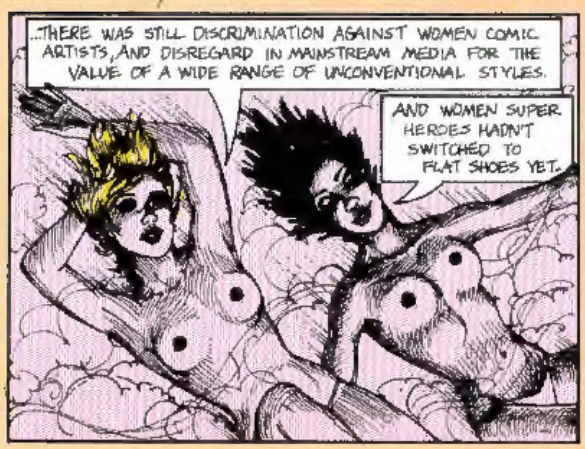
—Robert Greenberger

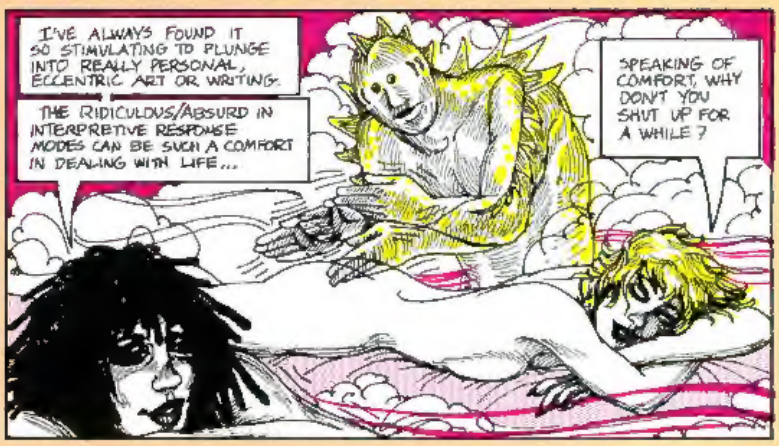
The essential problem with comics today is simple: comics are too cheap. A cheaply made, cheaply sold item is neither respected nor respectable in a modern society such as ours. For how many years

COMIC OPERA

I LOVE THESE FLOATING REC STATIONS.
'EY FLINT- HOW YA DOIN'?
'EY ROXI!
HOW QUAINT TO HAVE ANTIQUE NAUTILUS EQUIPMENT!
I HAVEN'T PRESSED MY BODY WEIGHT IN A DOZEN TOURS... MMMPH!
I NOTICE YOU SCORED SOME VINTAGE COMIX AT THE LITARCADE...
Thwack!


TWENTIETH CENTURY STUFF?
YEAH. THE EIGHTIES. INTERESTING DECADE. IN THE UNITED STATES ALL ARTS FOUGHT TO SURVIVE ECONOMIC DEPRESSION. COMIC SHOWCASES CAME AND WENT. SYNDICATES BOUGHT TAME MATERIAL AND SCREWED THEIR ARTISTS....
YET A LOT OF WONDERFUL WORK CAME OUT ANYWAY


...THERE WAS STILL DISCRIMINATION AGAINST WOMEN COMIC ARTISTS, AND DISREGARD IN MAINSTREAM MEDIA FOR THE VALUE OF A WIDE RANGE OF UNCONVENTIONAL STYLES.
AND WOMEN SUPER HEROES HADN'T SWITCHED TO FLAT SHOES YET.


I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT SO STIMULATING TO PLUNGE INTO REALLY PERSONAL, ECCENTRIC ART OR WRITING.
THE RIDICULOUS/ABSURD IN INTERPRETIVE RESPONSE MODES CAN BE SUCH A COMFORT IN DEALING WITH LIFE...
SPEAKING OF COMFORT, WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP FOR A WHILE?

Walter Simonson is a pretty fair comic book artist. He's drawn *Alien: The Illustrated Story* and "Shakespeare for Americans" for *HM*, "Manhunter" for DC, and recently completed *Starslammers*, an upcoming Marvel Graphic Novel.

Byron Preiss, head honcho of Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc., is responsible for such volumes as *The Dinosaurs, Dragonworld, The Secret,* and *The Illustrated Harlan Ellison.*

Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. inflicts monthly doses of "Rock Opera"—world's longest running comic serial—on *HM* readers. He claims to be writing a novel.

"The editors of *A Smithsonian Book of Comic-Book Comics* have allowed a prejudice towards a certain type of story to throw this promising collection out of whack."

was the phrase "Made in Japan" used to denote shabby merchandise? But, today the miraculous products of Japanese initiative are the expensive wonders of the Western world. A person's self-respect, his very ego are invested in a purchase along with his money. And the more he spends, the less he can afford to think he's being taken for a fool.

The answer is simple. Raise prices. Outrageously. The self-esteem of our customers demands it.

The coffee tables of America are waiting.

—Walt Simonson

What's wrong with comics? Display. The network of small comic shops around the country have heroically established a base for alternative comics publishers like Pacific and First. Nonetheless, it is rare to find graphic story work in major bookshops around America; just the opposite of the situation in Europe. What is needed, for better or worse right now, is a "category" section other than "humor" in which graphic story material might be displayed. This is, unfortunately, where some of our books and some of Marvel's early trade paperbacks were placed. With the acceptance of Jim Starlin's Marvel Graphic Novel and Donning's *Elfquest* editions, we may finally be seeing some changes.

—Byron Preiss

What's wrong with comic art in this country? I think the saddest current trend reflects the increasing homogeneity of our popular culture in general—the disappearance of specialized products for diverse individual tastes. In today's world of comics the numbers may be as big as ever, but the content is often the same old garbage recycled in a different wrapper. Maybe this is what the readership truly wants; comic-strip spin-offs of video games and book tie-ins to mass-market movie hits, but it needs to be pointed out that syndicated "Pac-Man" strips and Marvel versions of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* aren't necessarily art—they're advertising. This is a process which cheats both the reader and the artist. Most cartoonists I know are artists of terrific integrity who labor with a great deal of personal frustration; many of them would leap at the opportunity to attempt something new, to take chances. Unfortunately, it seems less and less likely they'll be getting the opportunity any time soon.

—Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

Imagine written literature locked into one or two genres (detective novels and cookbooks, say). Imagine John Updike or Eudora Welty spurned by publishers because they are unable to couch their viewpoints in terms of whodunits or horseradish. Would the reading public rebel at the loss and demand depth, variety, and relevance to common life? One would hope so. But we can't draw much encouragement from a comics readership dominated by

INSTITUTIONALIZED

Choosing the best thirty-three stories from the "Golden Age" of comic books (1938-1954) isn't an easy task, considering the thousands upon thousands that were produced during those lusty years. You'd expect the big names to be represented—Superman, Batman, Plastic Man, Donald Duck, Pogo, Captain Marvel—and they are. You'd also expect work by the form's most inventive artists—like Eisner, Wolverton, Barks, Kurtzman, Wood—and that's here, too. All in color. Sounds as though ***A Smithsonian Book of Comic-Book Comics*** (Smithsonian Institution Press/Harry N. Abrams) has covered all the bases, doesn't it? But editors **Mike Barrier** and **Martin Williams** have allowed a prejudice towards a certain kind of story throw this promising collection out of whack, leaving the reader plenty of room for Monday morning quarterbacking.

Now, no one would argue that humor hasn't played an important part in the development of the American comic book. Maybe it's even the single most important genre. Certainly the *Little Lulu* stories by John Stanley, *The Spirit* by Will Eisner, Carl Barks's *Donald Duck* and Walt Kelly's *Pogo* are among the peak achievements in the history of the form. So, who can complain that the above four represent a full third of this collection's three-hundred-plus pages?

The problem lies with the rest of the book. There are *five Scribbly* stories, *four Jingle Jangles*, and two forgettable gag strips by Wolverton. *Mad* is represented by a couple of its famous pre-code parodies—already reprinted several times. The two Plastic Man stories are also available in reprint form, as are the Superman story from *Action* #1, the Kurtzman war stories from *Two-Fisted Tales*, and Krigstein's "Master Race" from EC's *Impact*. None of these are *bad* stories, just unimaginative and unnecessary choices.

Why not a Superman story we *haven't* seen? A horror or SF piece by Wolverton, a genuine warped genius. And where is Archie? Captain America? How about a Western? Or something by John Severin, Joe Maneely, Bob Powell, Joe Kubert, or dozens of others who made their mark on this popular art form? How about something with a little *funk* in it?

No single volume can represent *everything* that's interesting about comic book history, but this one goes a bit overboard on familiar favorites, funny animals and cute kids. Is it worth the $20 asking price? Sure. Could it have been done a hell of a lot better? You bet. Will there be a follow-up? One can only hope.

—Michael S. Barson

JUGHEAD GOES PUNK

It finally happened! **Jughead**'s thrown away that silly old cap, gotten a Mohawk haircut and some punk-rock duds, and joined the "punk scene" at Riverdale High (Jughead #327, February 1983). And I thought Reggie would be the first on their block! Oh, and don't call him Jughead any more—his new handle is "Captain Thrash." Even his pet pooch, Hot Dog, has punked out—his new name is "Vicious." You won't find Juggie hanging out at Pop Tate's eatin' burgers any more, either. He now prefers Dingy's, a hard-core greasy spoon, and the Club Chaos, where Captain Thrash and his punkette girl friend slam-dance. Archie and Veronica try to talk some sense into ol' Jug, but he just won't listen!

The new punk Jughead finally gives annoying Archie what's been coming to him.

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Don't worry though. Jughead was only researching the punk scene for the Riverdale High newspaper. He reverts to normal at the story's end, although he does confess that he understands "why a lot of them (the punks) feel confused in today's world." In fact, he even feels an overpowering urge to return. "For more of their weird philosophy?" asks Archie. "No, for more of Dingy's fantastic burgers! They're the best I've ever eaten!" To which Archie exclaims, "And this was the guy I was afraid was changing?"

Well, to tell you the truth, Archie, I was kinda hopin' he would.

—John Holmstrom

Howard Cruse, boffo cartoonist, created the obscenely cute "Barefootz" characters, edits *Gay Comix*, and writes a regular column of commentary for *Comics Scene*.
Art Spiegelman is one of the best artists to emerge from the underground scene (ref.: "Ace Hole, Midget Detective," "Two Fisted Painters," and *Maus*). His *Raw* (co-edited/published with Françoise Mouly) is the only other comic magazine you should bother reading.
Bhob Stewart, besides having a problem with spelling, is also a teacher, writer, artist, critic,and information repository.
Harvey Kurtzman is the best.
Pete Hamill, novelist and syndicated columnist, isn't afraid to admit he likes comics.

consumers who think all's well with an art form obsessed with superheroes, barbarians, and space adventurers.

If there's more to life than fantasy, there should be more than fantasy in comics.

—Howard Cruse

What's wrong with comics? In about a hundred words or less? The Audience.

Since the form survives primarily as a commodity, only an intelligent, sensitive, and perceptive audience can force publishers and artists to produce work up to its level. This audience could not create geniuses. Real art is rare, it can surface in any medium (even comics) and may be able to withstand the adversities of neglect. But a Real Audience could at *least* raise the level of mediocrity. Today, only a handful of comics even achieve mediocrity.

Simply *exposing* an audience to better work is not enough—John Jakes sells more paperbacks than James Joyce. What is called for is massive re-education in how to see, how to think: an Art Dictatorship that makes the Doorways of Perception more important than the Window of Vulnerability.

—Art Spiegelman

"My futile idea was that action in comics, as in any art, doesn't end with one person pounding another person in the jaw. There's also the action of emotion, psychology, character, and idea," said EC's Bernard Krigstein, who abandoned comics for fine art. While an expansive Wim Wenders-like probe of character/emotion/psychology is needed in American storytelling comics, economics and "self-censorship" (as Archie Goodwin once put it) kick it all down to the level of *Reader's Digest* shorthand compression. Only Harvey Pekar, Art Spiegelman, and a handful of others have even attempted to stretch toward the goals Krigstein outlined.

—Bhob

Before the war with Japan, if you wanted to buy junk toys for five cents, you could find these little, tinny gewgaws at Woolworth counters, marked "Made In Japan." Japan seemed to be the source of junky everything. Then came the war, and after that, the new Japan. And the new Japanese government did a very interesting thing. They simply legislated higher standards into their produce and legislated "Made In Japan" junk out of existence. And now, "Made in Japan" has a whole other meaning, the least of which is "junk." Now we come to "Made In America" comics. For whatever reason, *our cartoon standards are low*. We have a junk cartoon tradition . . . particularly in our comic books. By contrast, just look at what they're doing in Europe, and you'll see how much better we can get. But how to get there . . well, I'm only supposed to tell you what's *wrong* with comics. How to make them better . . . that's another chapter.

—Harvey Kurtzman

There are some obvious problems with mainstream comics today: lousy reproduction, unreadable text, high newsstand prices. But the critical problem is creative exhaustion. Too many comics simply fail to surprise. We have seen those superheroes for too long, in all their absurd variations; we have seen too many clones of the wildly original creations of that brilliant first generation of comic book masters. There is also an impression of assembly-line ennui; too many pages swiped from Jack Kirby or Will Eisner or Alex Toth; too many disparate hands at work; too much calculation and not enough inspiration. These methods came from American industry; they have left the comics in as terrible shape as the automobile industry, to cite one obvious example. What comics need are individuals: men and women who can write, pencil, ink, and amaze, all at once. They need executives who will take risks. They need to attract writers and artists from other fields, men and women who don't see this extraordinary art form as simply another address on Grub Street. Where is the Fellini of comics? The Woody Allen? The Francis Coppola? Out there, somewhere, over the next hill, waiting for a chance. Mainstream comics should open the door to the new, or go out searching for it; if they don't, they will surely wither and die, joining pulp magazines on the ashheap of worn-out forms.

—Pete Hamill

RE-WEIRD

The time was ripe in 1950 for the illustration of sf's classic themes in comic book form. The field had soared into a boom period with *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and *Galaxy* leading the new magazine pack, while also diversifying into other media—film (*Destination Moon* and *Rocketship XM*), and radio (NBC's *Dimension X*). So EC publisher Bill Gaines changed the title of his bi-monthly *Saddle Romances* to ***Weird Science*** with the May/June 1950 issue.

The surprise ending short stories of Gaines's new title reflected the mood of the early fifties—cold war paranoia mushrooming in H-bomb detonations, UFOs in formation, mass hysteria, alien invasions, and "The utterly fantastic events leading up to the destruction of the Earth!" With the tight plotting introduced by scripter/editor Al Feldstein, and a superb line-up of young illustrators (Wallace Wood, Al Williamson, Frank Frazetta, Harvey Kurtzman, and Joe Orlando), *Weird Science* ran on full rocket thrust for twenty-two issues until the winter of 1953, when it merged with *Weird Fantasy* to become *Weird Science-Fantasy*. The last six issues of *WS* featured EC's adaptations of Ray Bradbury, including Williamson's lush lines for "The One Who Waits," and the memorable Wood-illustrated "Mars Is Heaven."

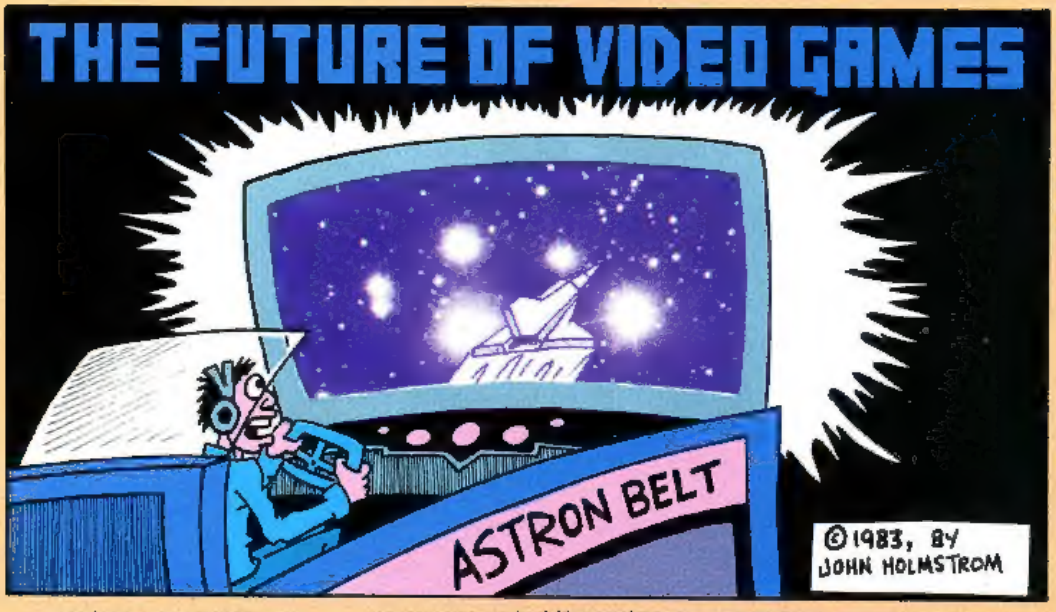
"The surprise ending short stories of *Weird Science* reflected the mood of the early fifties—cold war paranoia mushrooming in H-bomb detonations, UFOs in formation, mass hysteria, alien invasions."

Back then you could've picked up all twenty-two for $2.20. This time around you pay $75. As republished by **Russ Cochran** (Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775) in a four-volume set of large-sized (9" x 12¼"), slipcased hardbacks with accompanying annotations (by Bill Spicer, Mark Evanier, John Benson, Doug Menville) and color covers, these EC sf tales can now be viewed in flawless black-and-white repro on quality paper. Every line. Every detail. EC resuscitated.

—Bhob

TURN TO PAGE 44
FOR AN INTERVIEW
WITH UG ARTIST
S. CLAY WILSON

THE FUTURE OF VIDEO GAMES



I KNOW I PROMISED TO REVIEW HOME SYSTEMS, BUT I HAD A CHANCE TO ATTEND THE AMUSEMENTS AND MUSIC OPERATORS ASSOCIATION EXPO WHERE ONCE A YEAR THE VIDEO-PINBALL INDUSTRY SHOWCASES NEW PRODUCT—ALL THE NEW GAMES YOU'LL BE SEEING IN THE ARCADES FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS. FOR A MORE DETAILED REPORT, PICK UP THE MARCH ISSUE OF VIDEO GAMES (#6).

THE OBVIOUS TREND IN MOST OF THE NEW GAMES IS THREE DIMENSIONAL EFFECTS. REALISTIC GRAPHICS IS WHAT THE GAME-DESIGNERS WANT. UNFORTUNATELY, IN SOME CASES, A GOOD GAME IS SACRIFICED FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS.

SEGA, THE COMPANY THAT BROUGHT US ZAXXON AND TURBO, HAD THE MOST INTERESTING SCIENCE FICTION GAMES. **BUCK ROGERS** CAN BEST BE DESCRIBED AS TURBO MEETS ZAXXON. YOU DRIVE A SPACESHIP THROUGH INTERPLANETARY SCENARIOS INSTEAD OF DRIVING A CAR DOWN THE ROAD, AND BLAST ENEMY SHIPS IN YOUR WAY. **ASTRON BELT**, A PROTOTYPE GAME THAT USES VIDEO-DISC TECHNOLOGY TO REPLACE COMPUTER GRAPHICS WITH FILM OF SPACESHIPS, PLANETS, AND EXPLOSIONS, WAS ON HAND, BUT YOU WON'T SEE IT FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS. ALSO ON HAND WAS **SUPER-ZAXXON**, A BETTER-LOOKING VERSION OF ZAXXON THAT MOVES TWICE AS FAST!

ATARI'S LONE SCIENCE-FICTION OFFERING WAS **LIBERATOR**, A MISSILE COMMAND SEQUEL. YOU MUST DEFEND A REVOLVING PLANET BY FIRING FROM FOUR BASES OUTSIDE ITS ATMOSPHERE, AND BLOWING UP REBEL FORCES ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

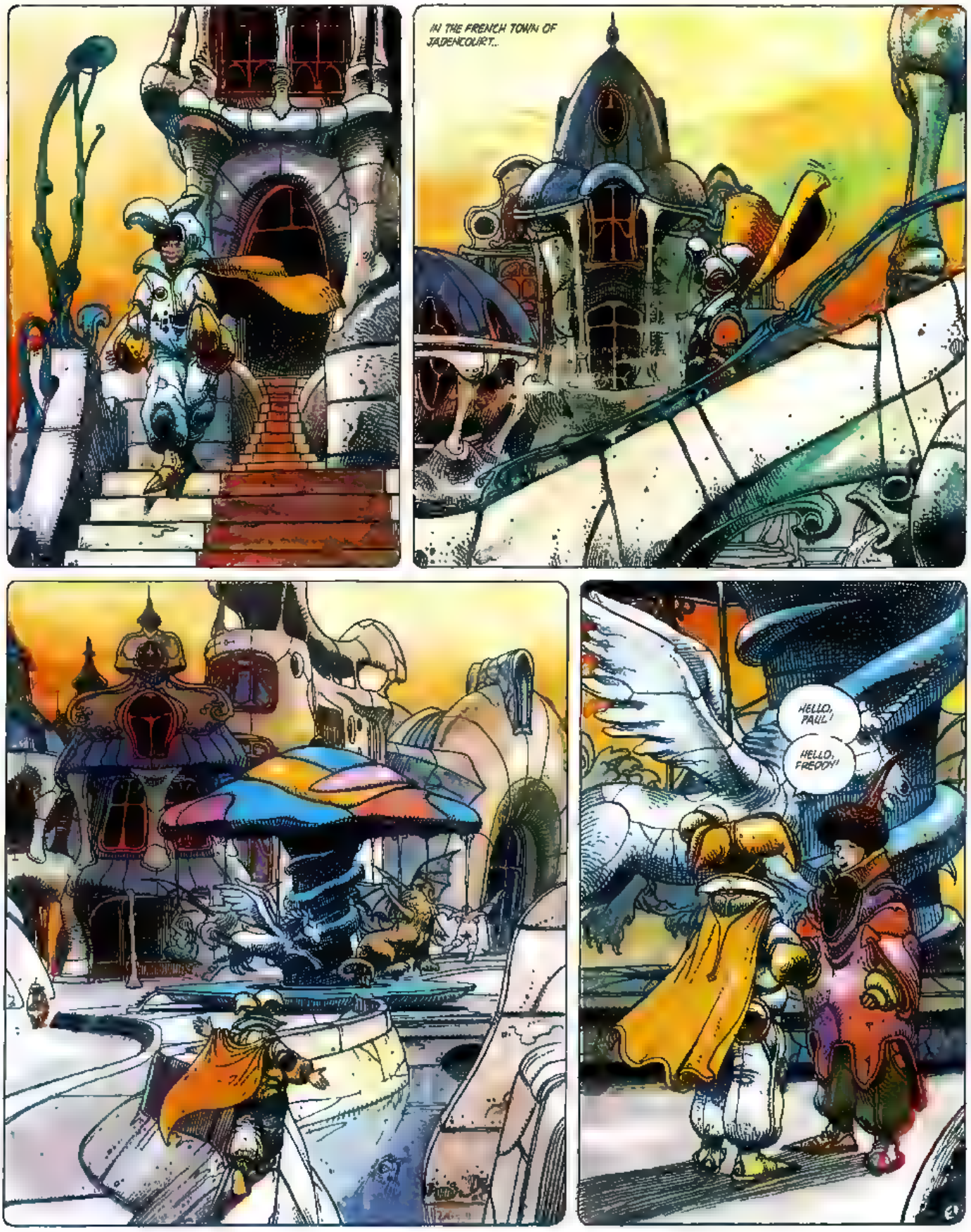
THE ONLY OTHER SCIENCE-FICTION GAME WAS FROM WILLIAMS, THE DEFENDER AND ROBOTRON PEOPLE. THEIR **SINISTAR** IS A COMBINATION OF DEFENDER AND ASTEROIDS. SINISTAR FEATURES A BIZARRE LOOKING VISUAL EFFECT—WHEN THE ALIENS, FLOATING AROUND, BUILD THE SINISTER SINISTAR SPACESHIP — IT BLOWS YOU AWAY! BETTER THAN ALIEN!

THE MOST POPULAR GAMES SEEMED TO BE THE CARTOON TYPES. **Q*BERT**, FROM GOTTLIEB, WAS THE BIG FAVORITE. IT STARS AN ORANGE, BIG-NOSED, BALL-SHAPED CHARACTER WHO HOPS AROUND ON A PYRAMID OF CUBES WHILE BEING CHASED BY A GOOFY LOOKING SNAKE AND WEIRD CARTOONY CHARACTERS. STUPID, BUT A LOT OF FUN. NINTENDO, WHO DID DONKEY KONG, BROUGHT OUT A **POPEYE** GAME THAT'S BETTER THAN THE CARTOONS (NOT THE FLEISCHER BROS. ONES). THEN THERE WAS THE DELICIOUS **BURGER TIME**, WHICH FEATURES A CHEF BEING CHASED BY THREE HOT DOGS AND AN EGG. NOT TO MENTION THREE NEW PAC-MAN GAMES (**BABY PAC-MAN**, **SUPER PAC-MAN**, AND **PAC-MAN PLUS**).

I CAME AWAY FROM THE SHOW WITH THE STRONG IMPRESSION THAT SCIENCE-FICTION IS CURRENTLY ON THE WAY OUT, BUT THAT VIDEO-DISC TECHNOLOGY, WHICH ALLOWS YOU TO PUT YOURSELF INTO A FIRST-PERSON SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE AND DIRECT THE ACTION, WILL EVENTUALLY GIVE THE SF GAMES A STRONG COME BACK.

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

The City That Didn't Exist



HOW'S ABOUT WE TAKE A RIDE?
GREAT IDEA!
PAUL!

IT'S TIME TO GET UP
OH, MAMA
I HAD A FUNNY DREAM, MAMA
YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT LATER I HAVE WORK TO DO NOW
AND HURRY IT UP, PAUL
I'M HURRYING AS FAST AS I CAN!
IT HURTS ME TO SEE YOU SLAVING OVER THAT, MY DEAR. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON THAT FOR OVER TWO HOURS NOW
SINGER
IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME BESIDES, WE NEED ALL THE MONEY WE CAN GET RIGHT NOW
YEAH, I KNOW. I WON'T BE SEEING MY PAYCHECK TOMORROW NIGHT, THAT'S FOR SURE OH, THOSE BASTARDS!
DRINK YOUR COCOA WHILE IT'S HOT, PAUL. IT'S VERY COLD OUTSIDE
OKAY, MAMA
I'M RUNNING LATE. LET'S GO, SON. I'LL WALK YOU TO SCHOOL
OKAY, PAPA, I'M READY.
BE CAREFUL, GEORGE. I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS ABOUT YOU GOING OUT. WHAT WITH THE RUMORS AND ALL
DON'T WORRY. KISS THE LITTLE ONES FOR ME WHEN THEY WAKE UP!
8

WILL THE FACTORY STAY CLOSED FOR A LONG TIME, PAPA?
COULD BE, SON. THEY WOULD LIKE TO SEE US ALL GO. 250 GOOD MEN OUT OF WORK!
AND SINCE IT'S THE ONLY PLACE IN TOWN THAT
LUCKY FOR US WE HAVE MAMA, RIGHT?
WELL FOR A WHILE I GUESS. BUT SHE CAN'T CONTINUE TO WORK FOR THAT WRETCHED CLOTHING MANUFACTURER. BESIDES WE WON'T GO VERY FAR WITH THE MONEY SHE TAKES HOME ONE DAY YOU'LL UNDERSTAND ALL OF THIS
I'VE GOT TO TURN HERE FOR SCHOOL, PAPA. WE'LL WORK IN THE GARDEN TONIGHT, HUH?
BUT OF COURSE. THERE ARE LEEKS TO PICK
STUDY HARD
I WILL. BYE-BYE!
4

HELLO, PAUL!
HELLO, FREDDY!
HOW'S ABOUT WE TAKE A RIDE?
NAH!
WE'D BETTER NOT BE LATE
DID YOU UNDERSTAND THE MATH HOMEWORK?
NO? REALLY. DID YOU?
NO... I DIDN'T FINISH IT, AND I'M SCARED STIFF
C.I.S.
HURRY UP, YOU LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHINGS! DO YOU ALL WANT TO END UP ASSEMBLY-LINE WORKERS, LIKE YOUR FATHERS? PAIR OF!
HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN A BAD MOOD TODAY
FOR A CHANGE.

28TH Day of strik
UNITE! WE MUST FIGHT TO EXIST!
J. HANNARD, INC.
T.P.S.
TRAINED PERSONNEL ON STRIKE.
WHY?
DOWN WITH THE DIVINE RIGHT EMPLOYER
ONE CENTURY OF SLAVERY WAS ENOUGH!
CFDT
GENERAL WORK CONFEDERATION! SEEK YOUR AIMS!
AH EVERYONE'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?
NO. WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THE OLD MAN DIED THIS MORNING
WE JUST FOUND OUT ABOUT IT
SHIT THIS IS BAD TIMING
WAIT A SECOND, COMRADE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WEEP OVER HIS DEATH, ARE YOU?
IT'S THE FIRST STRIKE WITH AN OCCUPATION AT JADEN COURT WE KILLED HANNARD!
AND WITH HIS DEATH THE CITY NO LONGER HAS A BOSS, NOR A MAYOR NOR A SENATOR FOR THAT MATTER
ALL OF THAT AUTHORITY GONE IN ONE FELL SWOOP. THIS COULD BECOME A CATASTRO-PHE PERHAPS THERE WILL BE A MILITARY TAKEOVER
LET'S BE FRANK, THERE'S NO LOVE LOST HERE BUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US NOW? WHO ARE WE STRIKING AGAINST?
WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING ON ABOUT? "FATHER" HANNARD'S DEATH WON'T CHANGE ANYTHING WE MUST ACHIEVE OUR GOALS" BESIDES, HE LIVED TO THE RIPE OLD AGE OF 93'
HIS DEATH DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT THERE ARE NO JOBS OPEN FOR THE TOWNSPEOPLE. THE MINES ARE STILL CLOSED THE TEXTILE FACTORY IS ALSO IN A BAD WAY, AND OUR GOOD WIVES ARE OVERWORKED LIKE ANIMALS. ISN'T ALL OF THIS WORTH THE FIGHT?
YOU'RE RIGHT LOUIS HANNARD ONLY HELD ON TO THIS PLACE FOR HIS OWN POLITICAL GAINS. HE DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT HIS WORKERS AND ALL THE PEOPLE WHO DEPEND ON US
TYPICAL FAT-CAT BUSINESSMAN. DON'T YOU THINK?
QUALITE
INDICES QUALITE
YEAH, BUT IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN POWER HE WAS WILLING TO BEND OCCASIONALLY JUST NOT QUITE ENOUGH. BUT, NOW WE'RE GOING TO RUN INTO THE TECHNOCRATS, WHO HAVE NO MERCY FOR THE WORKING CLASS.
GOOD POINT! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
HOW ABOUT SENDING A DELEGATION TO THE CHÂTEAU?
WHY NOT?

WHY SHOULD WE GO TO HANNARD'S HOUSE WHEN HE'S DEAD? WE WEREN'T ALLOWED UP THERE WHEN HE WAS ALIVE NO WAY I'M NOT GOING UP THERE!
COME ON NOW LET'S THINK THIS OUT
I BET THE DIRECTORS ARE ALREADY THERE
WOULD ... TO SEE A BOSS'S HOUSE IN THE FLESH THE ONLY ONE I'VE EVER SEEN ONE IS ON THAT AMERICAN
HEY, LOUIE! SINCE THIS EVENING'S FESTIVITIES HAVE BEEN CANCELED, I THOUGHT I'D COMPOSE A DEATH BALLAD FOR THE OLD SLY!
SHIT SO ON THEN YOUR DAMNED UNION WAS ALWAYS FALLEN SOMEWHERE BETWEEN INDIVIDUALISTIC FOLKLORE AND SOCIAL TOURISM
28TH Day of stri
WELL WE'RE GOING
FINE I'LL COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE BUT I THINK I'LL STAY OUTSIDE JUST IN CASE THERE'S ANY NEWS
TO DISTRIBUTE AMONG THE WORKERS
J.HANNARD INC.
Fildor
HEY IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE OLD MAN?
MY DEAR IT'S HERE AND NOT OUTDOORS WHERE THINGS ARE HAPPENING! THAT'S A HALF DAY OF WAGES DEDUCTED

TO BE CONTINUED

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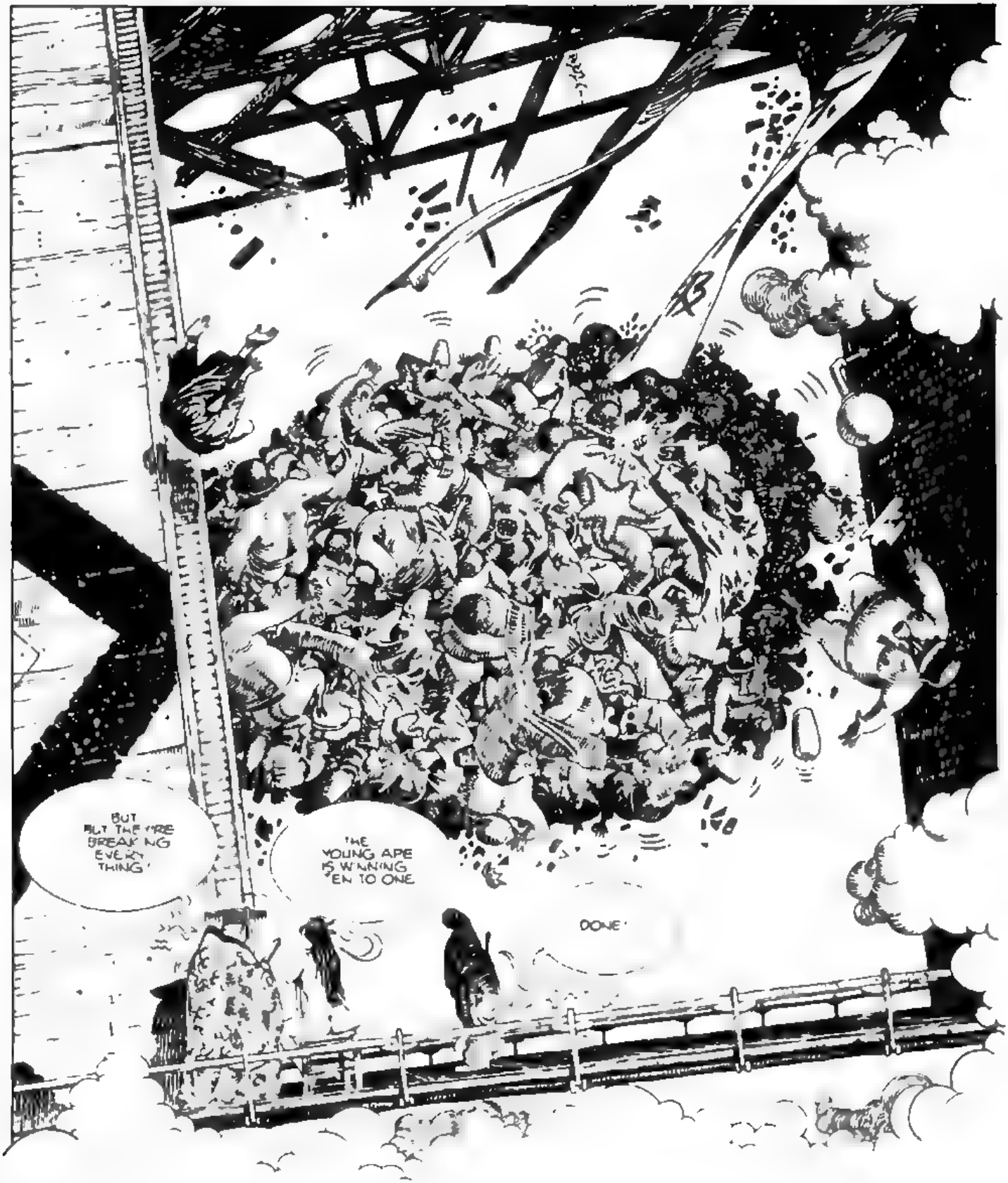
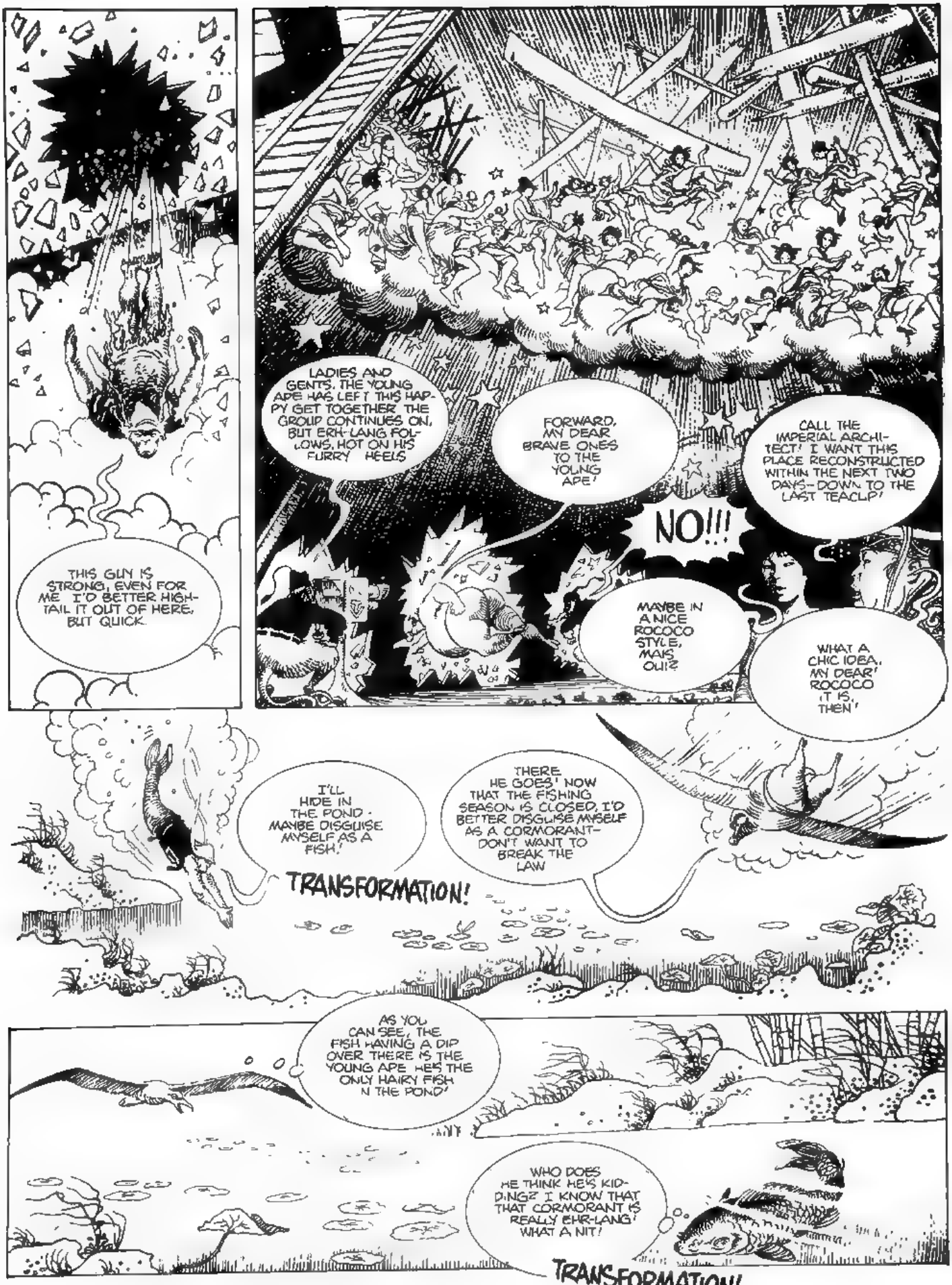
THE APE

AFTER EATING THE ROYAL PEACHES, THE YOUNG APE WAS IN HOT WATER WITH THE EMPEROR, WHO WAS BUSILY PLANNING A BANQUET

THEY'RE FINALLY COMING! THANK GOD!
I BEG YOUR PARDON, DEARZ
BUT I KNOW THAT MAN
FREE THE FALCONS AND FORM A CIRCLE!
HIC LITTLE BIRDS FLYING HIGH, WHY DO YOU DROP ON ME FROM THE SKY HIC!
TRANSFORMATION
DRINK AND DEFEND YOURSELF THEY WANT TO CUT YOU UP INTO 20,000 LITTLE PIECES FOR A CHANGE
THANK YOU, AUNTIE!
HERE YA GO NEXT TIME, DON'T BOTHER US WITH LITTLE NUISANCES LIKE THIS FILTHY APE!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!
TRANSF
ION


BUT BUT THEY'RE BREAK NG EVERY THING!
THE YOUNG APE IS W NNING 'EN TO ONE
DONE!

UTILIZING HIS MAGICAL AND TRANSFORMATIONAL POWERS, THE POWERFUL ERH-LANG FIGHTS OUR YOUNG APE, WHILE THE ENTIRE COURT OF THE CHATEAU OF THE CLOUDS WATCHES ON. MANY PREFER TO WATCH THEM ON THE NEWLY-INSTALLED CABLE STATION
COULD YOU MOVE A LITTLE MORE TO THE RIGHT A LITTLE MORE THERE THAT'S FINE I CAN EVEN SEE THE DROPLETS OF SWEAT WITH THE ZOOM!
BUT, YOUR MAJESTY, THEY'VE BROKEN EVERY PIECE OF THE PORCELAIN CHINA SERVICE
GIVE HIM A SWING WITH YOUR RIGHT YOUNG APE
SOCK
STOP RIGHT THERE FOR A CLOSE-UP
WITH PLEASURE ONE MUST ALWAYS BE AGREEABLE WITH THE PRESS
THIS KIND OF THING NEVER HAPPENS AT THE OLYMPICS
I'VE WON! YEAH NOW I'LL PURSUE HIM AND CUT HIM INTO LITTLE PIECES!
YEAH WE KNOW WE KNOW INTO TWENTY THOUSAND LITTLE PIECES


THIS GUY IS STRONG, EVEN FOR ME. I'D BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT OUT OF HERE, BUT QUICK.
LADIES AND GENTS, THE YOUNG APE HAS LEFT THIS HAPPY GET TOGETHER THE GROUP CONTINUES ON, BUT ERH-LANG FOLLOWS, HOT ON HIS FURRY HEELS
FORWARD, MY DEAR BRAVE ONES TO THE YOUNG APE!
NO!!!
CALL THE IMPERIAL ARCHITECT! I WANT THIS PLACE RECONSTRUCTED WITHIN THE NEXT TWO DAYS—DOWN TO THE LAST TEACUP!
MAYBE IN A NICE ROCOCO STYLE, MAIS OUI?
WHAT A CHIC IDEA, MY DEAR! ROCOCO IT IS, THEN!
I'LL HIDE IN THE POND - MAYBE DISGUISE MYSELF AS A FISH!
THERE HE GOES! NOW THAT THE FISHING SEASON IS CLOSED, I'D BETTER DISGUISE MYSELF AS A CORMORANT— DON'T WANT TO BREAK THE LAW
TRANSFORMATION!
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE FISH HAVING A DIP OVER THERE IS THE YOUNG APE. HE'S THE ONLY HAIRY FISH IN THE POND!
WHO DOES HE THINK HE'S KIDDING? I KNOW THAT THAT CORMORANT IS REALLY ERH-LANG! WHAT A NIT!
TRANSFORMATION!

HMMM WHERE HAS HE H ODENZ
GUIT
GUIT
AH HA! NOW HE'S TRANS FORMED H MSELF INTO A BUZZARD, THE LOWEST AND MOST DETESTABLE OF ALL POSS BLE TRANSFORMATIONS!
LADIES AND GENTS, WE ARE BACK AGAIN WITH THE CONTINUED DUEL BETWEEN EHR-LANG THE CORMORANT AND THE YOUNG APE. THE BUZZARD IS KNOWN FOR ITS NYMPHOMANIACAL WAYS FRANKLY, I WILL SCREW ANYTHING THAT COMES INTO REACH.
YOUR TURN!
BUT BUT IT REALLY WAS A BUZZARD!
WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS? A HAMMERHEAD SHARKZ
YOUNG APEZ YOOHOO! WHERE HAVE YOU HIDDEN YOURSELFZ
I'VE SEEN QUITE A FEW SANCTUARIES IN MY TIME, BUT NONE WITH A HAIRY FLAGPOLE!

I DON'T LIKE THIS SANCTUARY. I THINK I'LL THROW A ROCK IN THE WINDOW
AND THEN I'LL KICK THE DOOR IN
SHIT THE DOOR IS MY MOUTH THE WINDOWS MY EYES IF HE BREAKS MY TEETH, AND GOUGES MY EYES OUT NO RESPECTABLE GIRL WILL EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH ME AGAIN
TIGER'S LEAP STRAIGHT UP TO THE SKY
SO, DID YOU GET HIM?
HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO HE TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A SANCTUARY BUT THERE WAS A RUMBLING AND NOW HE'S GONE
DID YOU FOLLOW HIM WITH YOUR CABLE WHATCHAMACALLIT?
LET'S SEE I THINK I CAN GET HIM ON THIS CHANNEL THERE

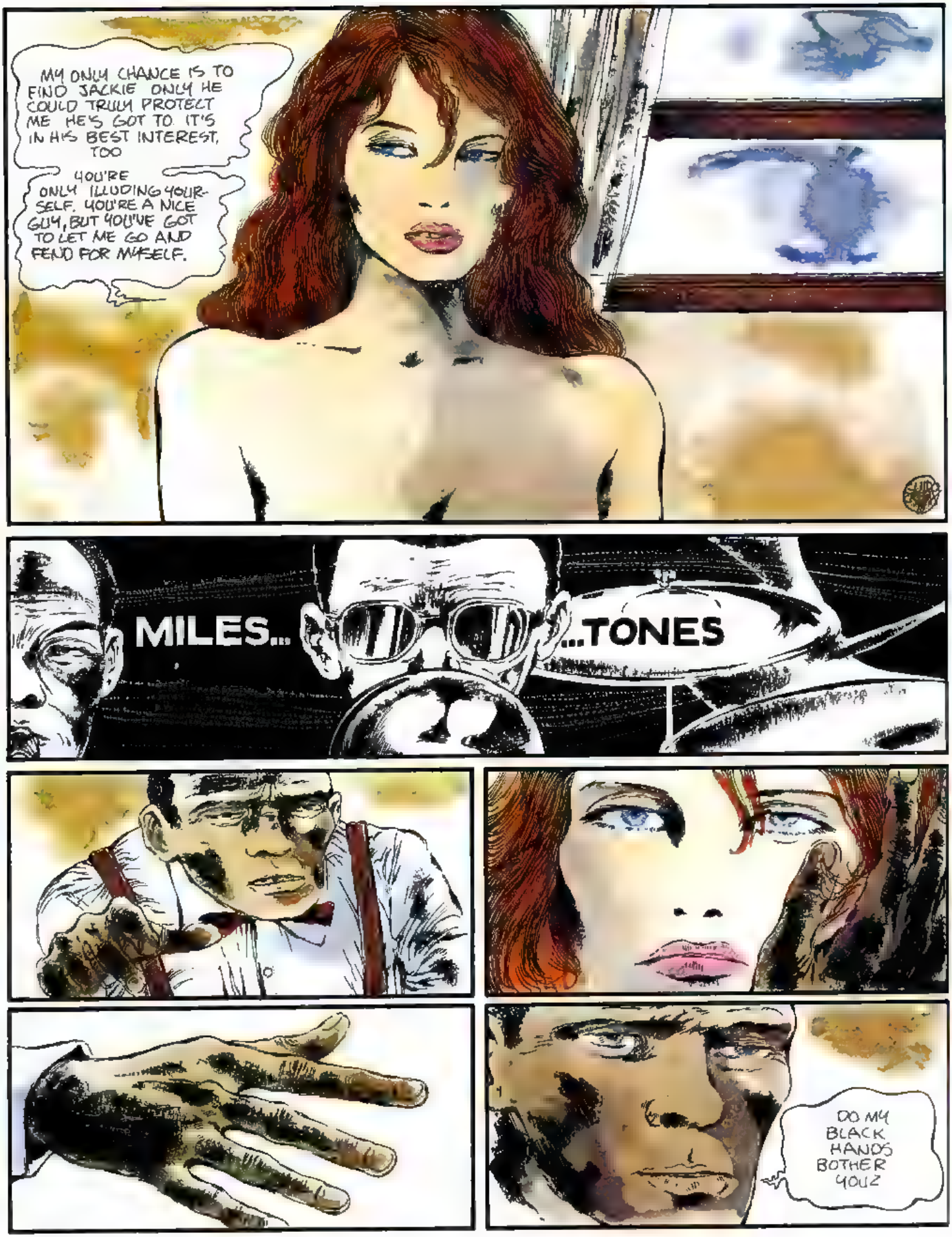
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE YOUNG APE IS PEDDLING QUICKLY, 75 MILES AN HOUR TO BE EXACT AND WITH AN EASY AND ELEGANT TURN OF THE HANDLEBARS, HE'S HEADING TOWARDS THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER OF LIBATIONS, AND THE FLYING STAGE
BU BUT THAT'S MY PALACE
UNFORTUNATELY, THE VIDEO CONTACT HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED BECAUSE OF THE FLYING STAGE ALL THE SAME, WE'LL FOLLOW OUR YOUNG APE, WHO FINALLY WISED UP AND HAS TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO EHR-LANG
TRANSFORMATION
GOOD EVENING, AND WELCOME, MASTER!
ERRR, YES HERE I AM DID THE PLEBES DOWN BELOW BURN A LOT OF NCENSE WHILE I WAS GONE?
COUGH COUGH YEAH I GUESS THEY DID YOU CAN LEAVE NOW, MY CHILDREN
BUT THERE ARE NO CHILDREN HERE!
GOOD! AND DON'T START MAKING ANY, EITHER!
N THE MEANTIME THE REAL EHR-LANG RETURNS
IT'S ME, YOUR BOSS! I'M BACK!
INSIDE THERE IS AN EHR-LANG, AND BELIEVE YOU ME ONE BOSS IS ENOUGH. THEREFORE, YOU CAN NOT COME IN.

OH POWERFUL EHR-LANG! THERE IS ANOTHER EHR-LANG OUTSIDE!
NOT OUTSIDE ANY LONGER HERE I AM!
MOTHER, WHAT A MESS!
YOUNG APE, YOU'VE OVERSTEPPED YOUR BOUNDS THIS TIME!
ONE MINUTE! I MUST TELL YOU ONE THING THIS SANCTUARY WAS CONSECRATED BY THE GOD OF THE
APES?
APES!
eeeeEEAA!!
ARGH
THERE HE IS!
BOY, THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING ALL DAY LONG!
EHR-LANG IS NOT DOING TOO BADLY
THE ARMY WAS BETTER BEFORE
NOW THEY'RE BLUDGEONING H.M!
GO! COME! HERE! THERE! FORWARD! BACK!
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MAN FROM HARLEM

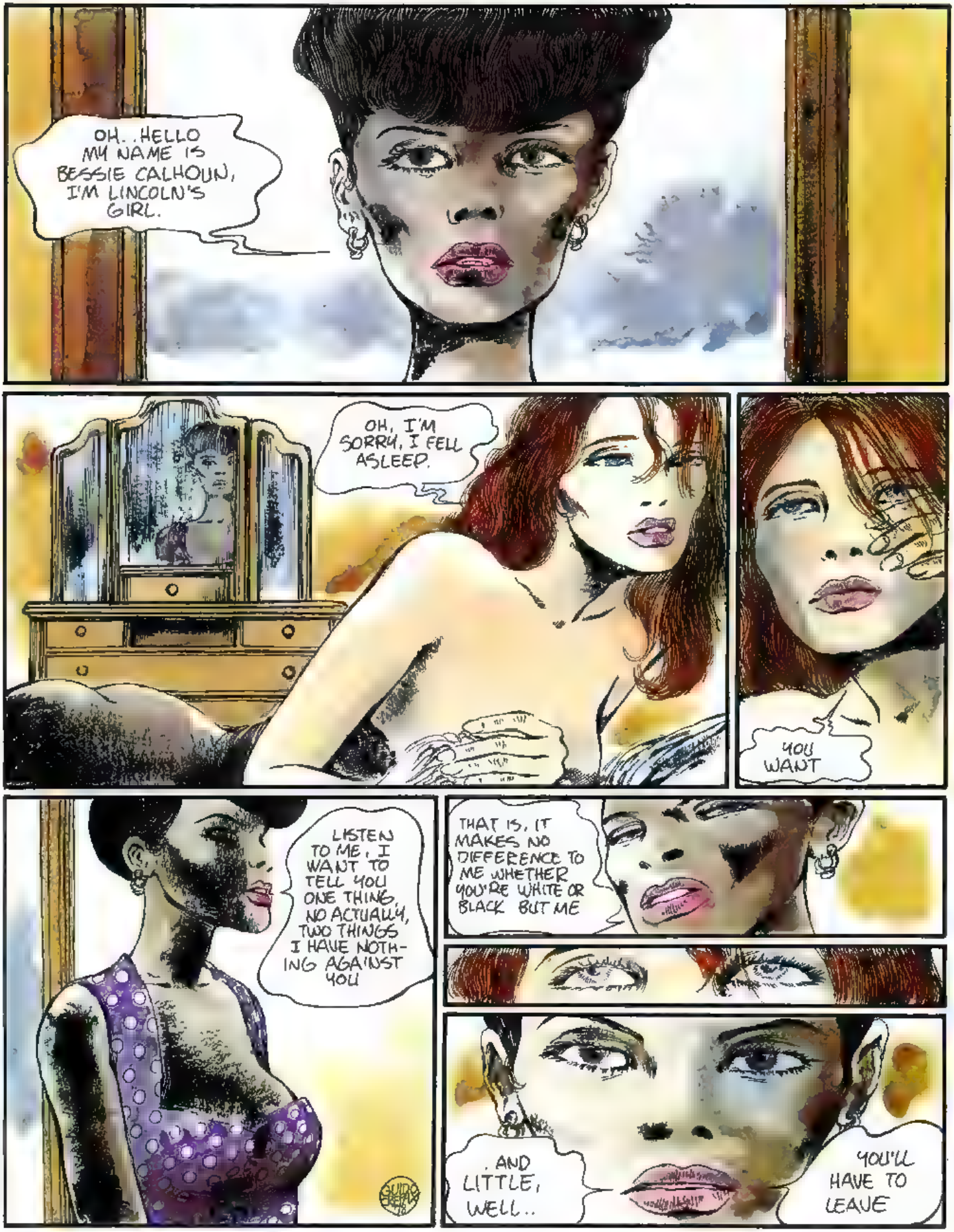
LAST WE READ, LITTLE INSISTED THAT POLLY STAY WITH HIM N HIS FLAT N ORDER TO PROTECT HER FROM THE MOBSTERS, WHO ARE STILL AFTER HER

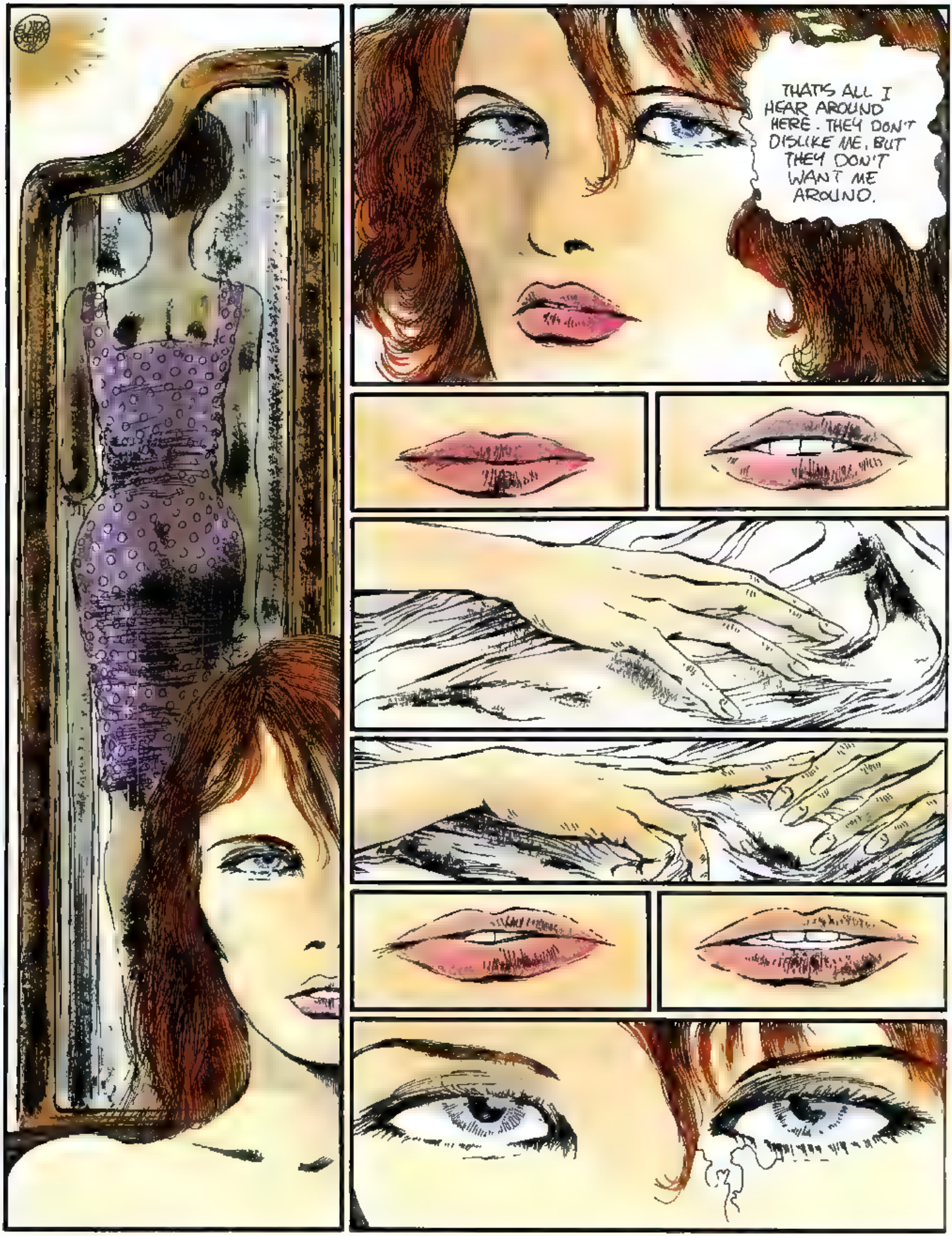
POLLY LOOK! THEY'VE OPENED UP THE IN-VESTIGATION! IT MUST BE A BIG DEAL!
DID YOU READ IT?
I THINK
HMFH!
I THINK THE BEST THING YOU COULD DO...
..WOULD BE TO GO DOWNTOWN AND TESTIFY.
ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT WOULD BE SUICIDE!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF YOU FACE THOSE GANGSTERS NOW..
.. YOU'LL BE THEIR SLAVE FOR LIFE. IF YOU LIVE THAT LONG!
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE YOU MUST TESTIFY. AND YOU WILL BE PROTECTED. I'LL SEE TO THAT
PROTECT ME? HA! IF I TESTIFY, THEY'LL SHOOT ME, AND THAT WILL BE THE END OF IT


MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO FIND JACKIE ONLY HE COULD TRULY PROTECT ME HE'S GOT TO IT'S IN HIS BEST INTEREST, TOO
YOU'RE ONLY ILLUDING YOURSELF. YOU'RE A NICE GUY, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME GO AND FEND FOR MYSELF.
MILES...
...TONES
DO MY BLACK HANDS BOTHER YOU?

NO NO! YOU ARE VERY DEAR TO ME.
I WANT TO SAY THAT IT'S NOT BECAUSE YOU.. I DON'T
THE MEN I HAVE KNOWN WERE ALL WELL, WITH YOU IT'S DIFFER ENT
OH, LEAVE ME ALONE. I HAVE TO GO NOW AND PRACTICE SOME NEW RIFFS
FATS NAVARRO MAY COME BY TO-NIGHT IT SEEMS HE'S LOOKING FOR A NEW BASS PLAYER
NOW, DON'T YOU MOVE FROM THIS APARTMENT. TOMORROW WE'LL GO TO THE POLICE TO-GETHER I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP.
...BEFORE I JAM I'M REALLY DEAD.

AND IF I STAYED WITH JOHNNY FOREVER MAYBE EVEN HIS MOTHER WOULD COME TO UNDERSTAND...
HIS HANDS ARE SO GENTLE..NO ONE HAS EVER TOUCHED ME LIKE THAT BEFORE.
HE'S WONDERFULLY CHARMING. I THINK I COULD FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM IF I GAVE MYSELF HALF A CHANCE MAYBE I ALREADY HAVE
EMBRACEABLE YOU
BUT HE'S GONE NOW I GAVE HIM THE WRONG IMPRESSION. I MADE HIM THINK THAT I DIDN'T WANT HIM


OH..HELLO MY NAME IS BESSIE CALHOUN, I'M LINCOLN'S GIRL.
OH, I'M SORRY, I FELL ASLEEP.
YOU WANT
LISTEN TO ME, I WANT TO TELL YOU ONE THING, NO ACTUALLY, TWO THINGS I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST YOU
THAT IS, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME WHETHER YOU'RE WHITE OR BLACK BUT ME
AND LITTLE, WELL..
YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE

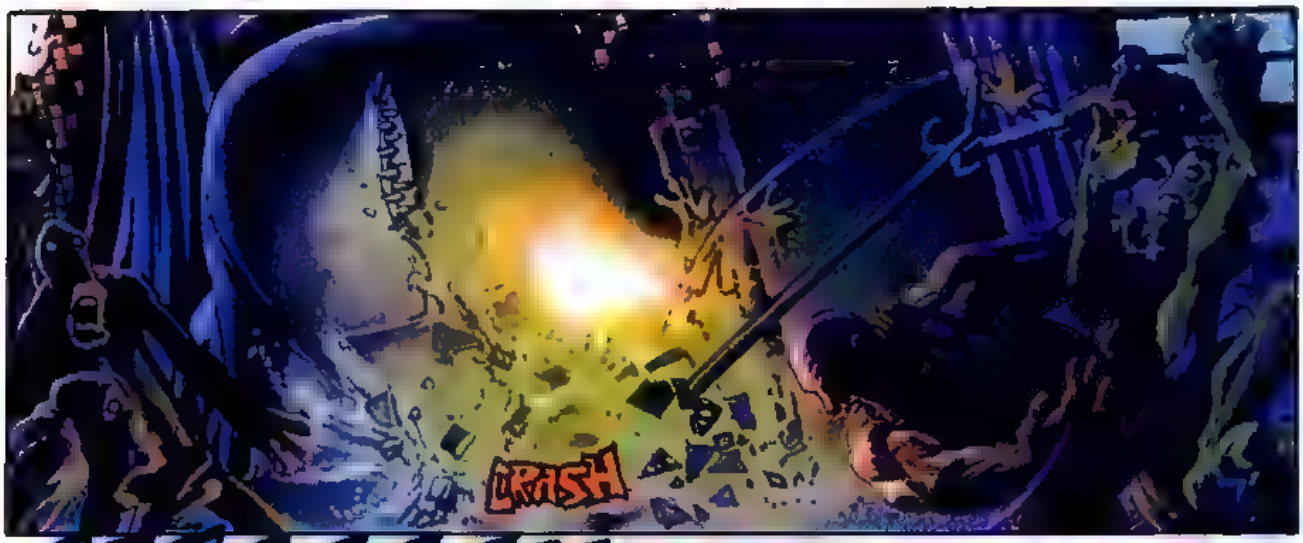

THAT'S ALL I HEAR AROUND HERE. THEY DON'T DISLIKE ME, BUT THEY DON'T WANT ME AROUND.

LOVER MAN
HMMM... I HAVE ONLY ONE CHOICE LEFT

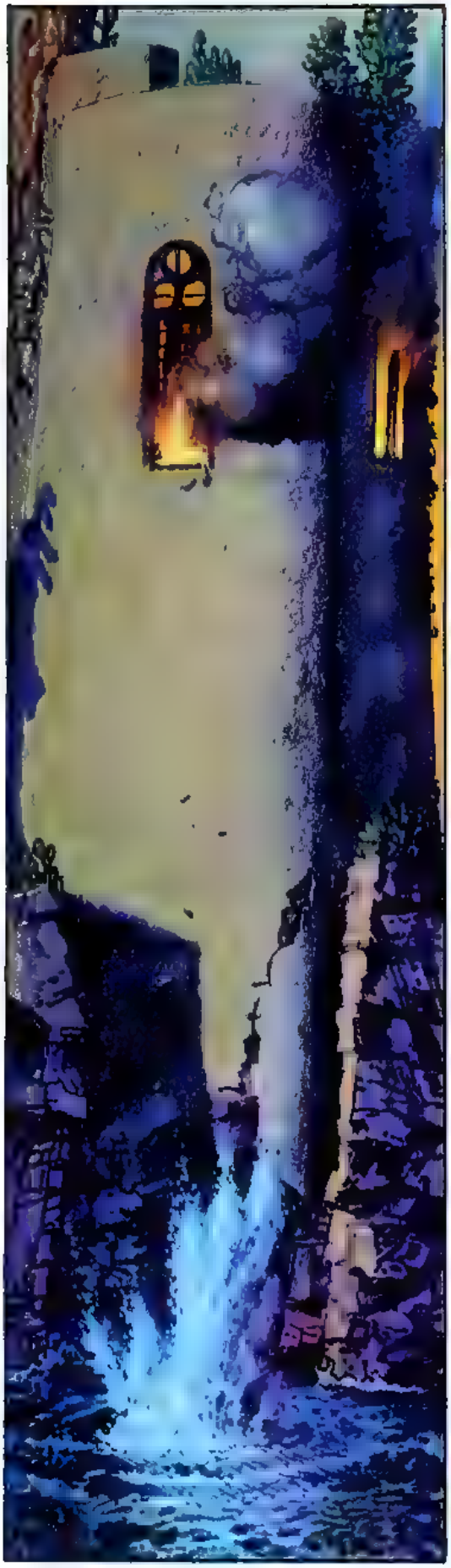
I REALLY WANTED TO STAY WITH JOHNNY, BUT THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE.
FIFTH A
WHO IS THAT BESSIE, ANYWAY?
HE NEVER TOLD ME.
HMM. THE BRUNETTE OVER THERE. THAT'S HER
BAR
TO BE CONTINUED.

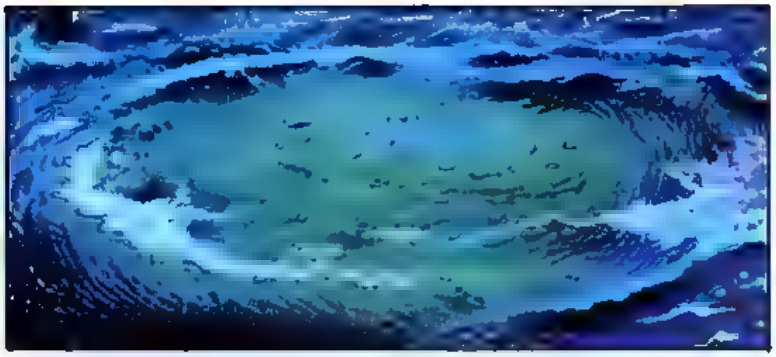
DEN II

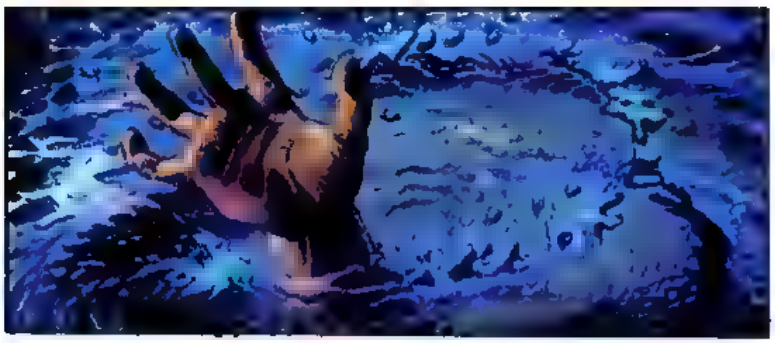
When last we read, Muuta Den, and the rest of the Minimuut people were planning their escape But, while getting ready Muuta was taken captive, tied up, and finally killed by the creature that once was Taro

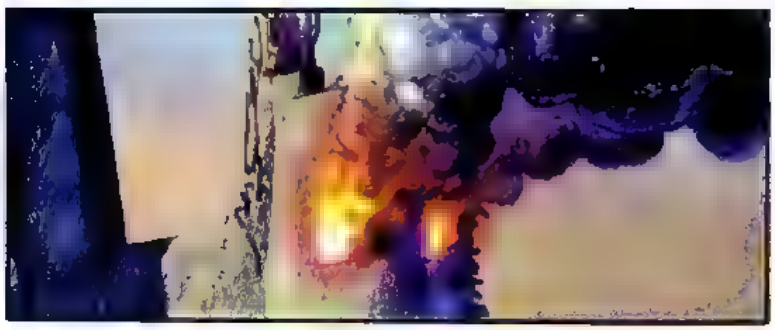


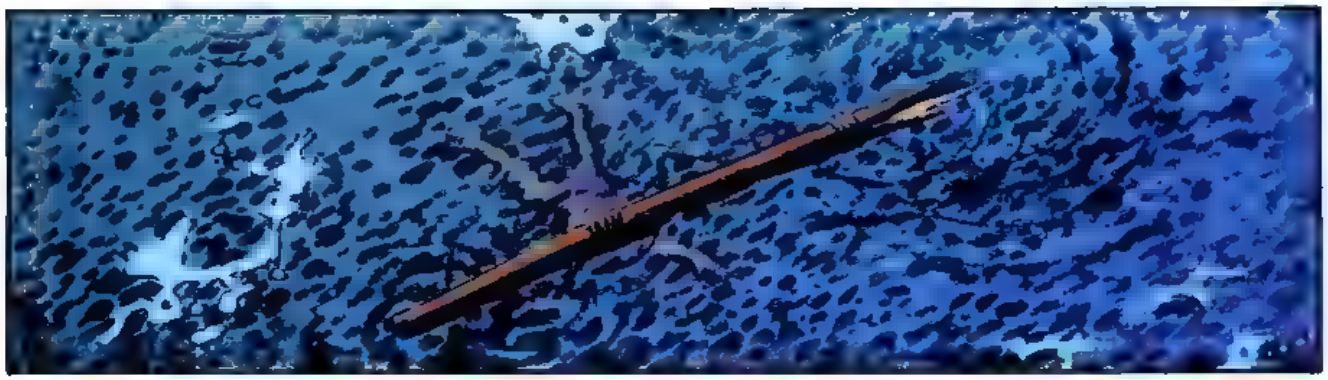
SSKKRREEEEEEEE

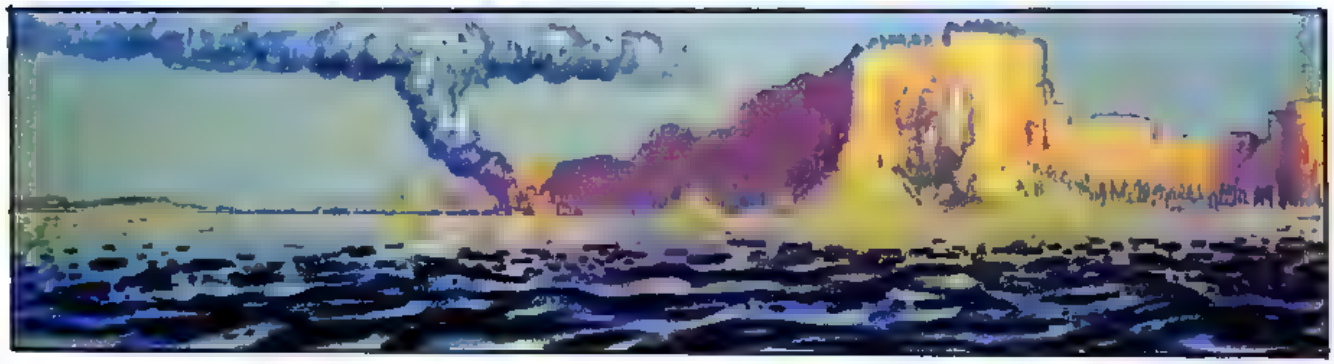




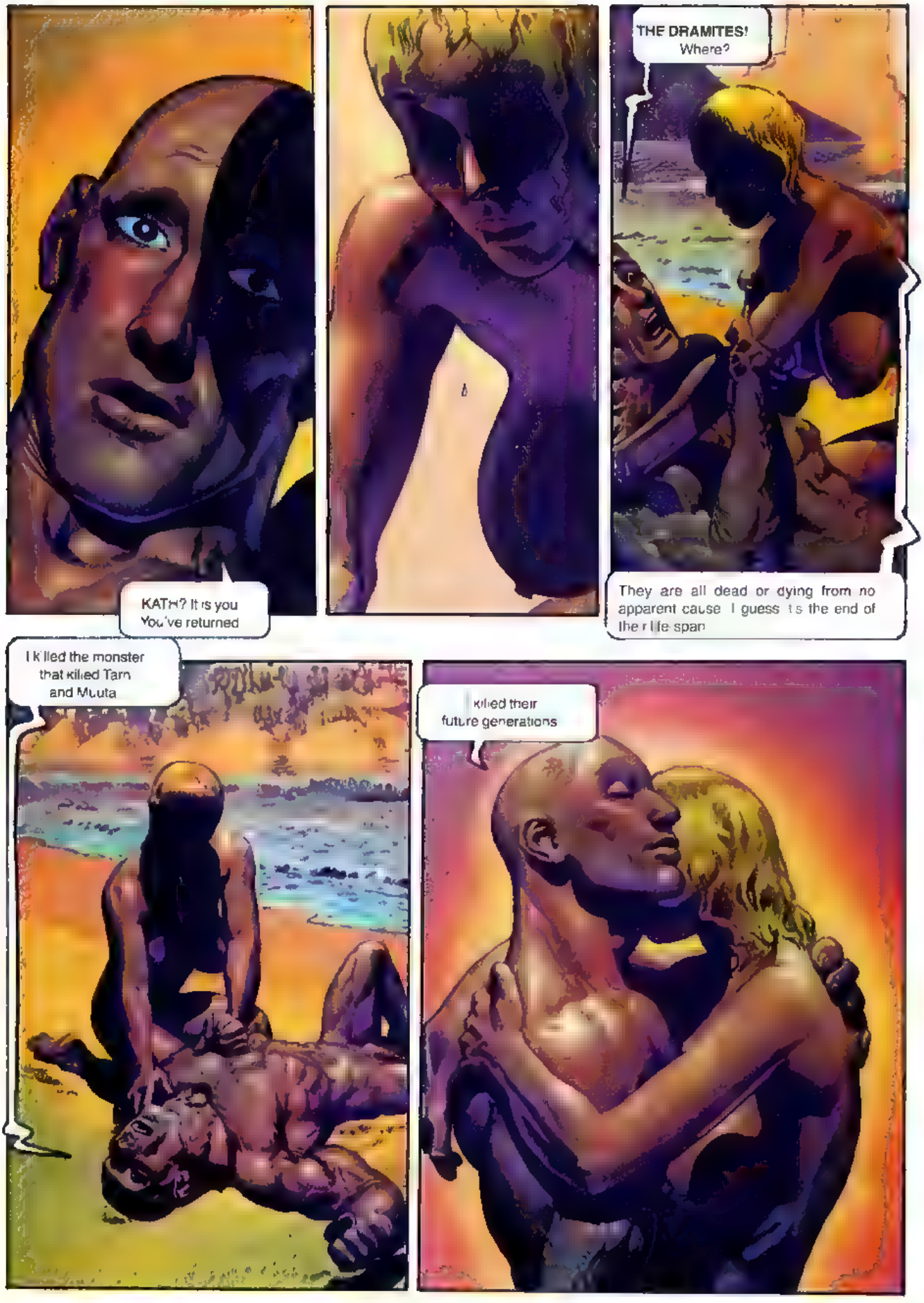


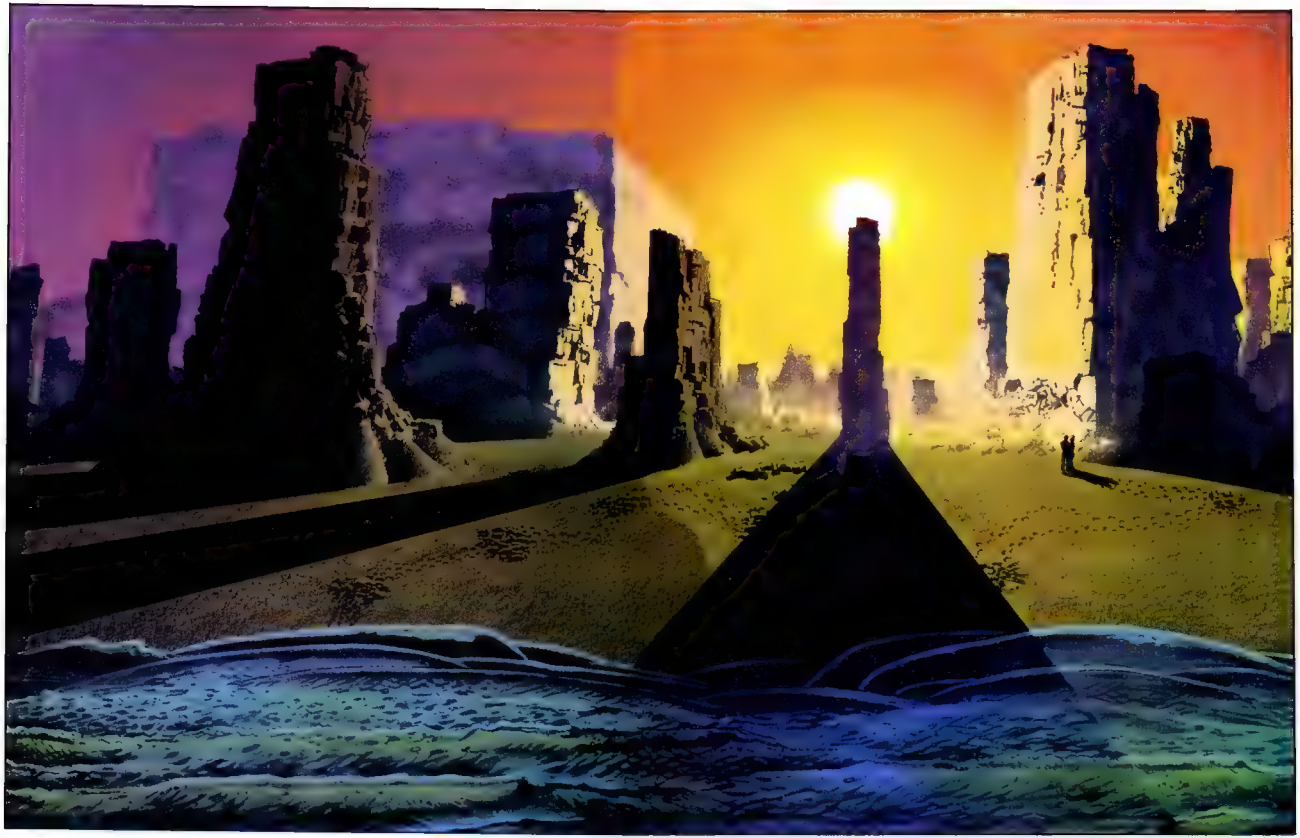






SPLISH
Wake up


KATH? It is you You've returned
THE DRAMITES! Where?
They are all dead or dying from no apparent cause I guess it is the end of their life span
I killed the monster that killed Tarn and Muuta
killed their future generations



THE END

FEAT OF CLAY

AN INTERVIEW WITH ARTIST S. CLAY WILSON

When Zap Comix first appeared, more than fifteen years ago, it hailed a revolution in both the form and content of comics. Not only did Zap introduce an unbridled vision onto the bleak visual terrain, but it established the comics form as a powerful vehicle for avant-garde expression as rich and valid as film and rock music. Among those original visionaries was S. Clay Wilson -fresh from the midwestern plains—whose wildly violent and unrepentantly gross images shocked even some of his fellow undergrounders. Unlike most of them, he didn't suck up to any naive notions of peace-love-harmony He chose rather to tackle the blood-and-guts ugliness of the world at large with a fervor as fierce as de Sade, and an obsessiveness as intense as William Burroughs's love for a young boy's bum But in creating a pantheon of such hapless characters as Captain Pissgums, Ruby the Dyke, and the Checkered Demon, Wilson also displayed a comic bite as mean as Lenny Bruce's.

Wilson's essentially anti-art, anti-culture stance has ultimately carried him beyond the limited set of issues and ideas that quickly dated most of the other underground comix stylists And the current trend in fine art towards a raw, street-smart neo-expressionism, further validates the early acknowledgements of Wilson's instinctual, comic-transcending power But that line of discussion is almost moot in light of Wilson's own history Throwing aside his University of Nebraska fine arts training (he becomes nearly violent when thinking of teachers who told him he was doing "illustration," not "art," because he drew recognizable figures), Wilson favored instead hard-drinking, acid-filled nights and days in San Francisco during the Haight-Ashbury heyday

Although the 41-year-old Wilson and long-time "love mate" Saebeth would still rather spend time in Dick's Bar (around the corner from their S.F digs) than in Soho art galleries, his first one-man NYC showing last fall at the now defunct Museum of the Surreal and Fantastique demanded otherwise. And with his arrival in Manhattan, an early wish of mine was fulfilled —to meet, work with, and worship at the pungent feet of what I imagined to be a leather-draped, frothing biker of a cartoonist Here was the guy whose drawings were like a secret initiation rite among my peers, those who babbled lines from his fevered and crammed panels were part of the same sick gang as I, and those offended were the drips. Though the massive Sasquatch of a man that I did meet was less of a biker and more like the repressed Victorian" he described himself as, he was still able to hunch over, and with thorough aplomb, mumble lines like, "I'd get up to shake your hand, but my colostomy bag might fall out"

—Brad Balfour

HM: Tell me something about your childhood.

SCW: Life in Lincoln, Nebraska was kind of repressed and bland. It was a fairly normal working-class Nebraska childhood—harsh winters, long hot summers.

HM: At what age did you start drawing?

SCW: One. My mother always encouraged my artwork. She saved all these childhood drawings from about age two on, the first drawing being since it was the forties war years—a parade, with a lot of bugles and little stick figures marching down the street.

HM: Were comic books always an influence?

SCW: Yeah. My uncle ran a drugstore, and the stuff he didn't sell, he'd tear off the covers and bring to me. I saw my first EC comic when I was fourteen—it was a *Piracy* with the cover ripped off It blew my mind

HM: Which EC's were your favorites?

SCW: *Piracy, Mad, Two-Fisted Tales, Front Line Combat*

HM: Which artists had the most impact on you?

SCW: I liked Wood, and Davis, and I loved Kurtzman's covers. Certain guys I liked for certain genres, like I loved George Evans's World War I airplane stuff, *Aces High* his stuff lent itself to W.W.I. airplane strips for some reason And I liked whatever Davis and Wood did for the horror magazines, of course, and also "Ghastly" Graham Ingels.

HM: Do you see any influence in your work from these folks?

SCW: Yeah, but I'm not sure I can trace it Like Kurtzman's kind of kinetic telegraphic quality, and the color gags Jack Davis used to do for *Playboy* and *Esquire*, and Kurtzman's kind of whiplash line thing, and the washes Davis used to do I would say that's been an influence As well as lots of traditional stuff, like John Singer Sargent's watercolors.

HM: What other things in your life influenced your artwork? Certainly the slant and direction of your work couldn't have just come out of nothing.

SCW: My buddies and I just did a lot of drawing together I probably reached my productive peak at age fourteen. Kilos of these comic strips. Other guys just went out and played baseball, but we'd draw We'd raid this place that threw out big rolls of paper We'd do these long, involved battle-scene murals several feet long. We'd roll the paper out onto the floor and a whole bunch of us would get together and just draw away on it. Like a big jam session

HM: Did you have any weird experiences, things that would lead to the sort of paranoiac visions that are in your work? Or are these merely fantasies of yours?

SCW: Well, I feel I'm very moralistic. In a way, it's like I'm preaching—depicting Hell or something Everybody else is depicting Heaven out there, so I might as well go ahead and depict Hell. It's more entertaining to draw for one thing, the angels and devils trip. Like the Ten Commandments thou shalt not, thou shalt not. So

© 1982 by S. Clay Wilson

what I'm doing is drawing the angels thou-shalt-notting. They're surrounded by temptation, and not succumbing, whereas the devils, of course, are involved in the activities, right? I see my stuff mostly as a depiction of Hell with a certain amount of cynicism. The sources go way back to Grunewald, Bruegel, Bosch, and artists like that

HM: Do you find it purging?

SCW: Yes, I see art as therapy, in a way.

HM: What would you have become if you hadn't been an artist?

SCW: A writer, possibly. I don't know.

HM: I know some people who fantasize that they would've been outlaws, but instead they've turned in this direction and found self therapy in their work.

SCW: I think there's something to that. It enables you to release stuff. I guess I'm trying to join my own nightmares with other people's.

HM: When did you decide to do art professionally?

SCW: I always wanted to be an artist, for as long as I can remember. Comics were something else. I didn't make a big, bold distinction about it. Others did. When I was going to the University of Nebraska, I got into a hassle because at the time the genre was abstract expressionism, Kline, Pollock, etc. The worst thing you could be called at the time was an *illustrator*. My God! My stuff was always condemned because it was figurative. You're not an artist, you're an illustrator, because you're sitting there drawing pictures. Or just the idea of text, of word balloons. People categorize things as comic strips when they see characters talking to each other, instead of just calling it art. The history of the comic strip, the elaborate history of the various styles, is equally as rich as most of the art movements in history.

S. Clay Wilson. His cigar is big and smelly

I did get my B.F.A., but mainly I was into anthropology, criminology, sociology more than art.

HM: Later, when you moved to San Francisco, things started changing?

SCW: Yeah, I looked up this guy I knew from when I had lived in Kansas for a while, a poet named Charles Plymell, who had a press in San Francisco. I went over to his place to give him a copy of a portfolio I had done, and Don Donahue was buying the press to print the first *Zap* Comic. I had seen some of Crumb's stuff in *Cavalier*, which he had done at about the same time I'd done this portfolio. Through Donahue, I went over to visit Crumb and give him one of my portfolios, because I liked his stuff and liked the comic; so we got stoned and shit, and he liked my portfolio. I did a little drawing, and he said, "what about expanding the idea of comics, doing underground comics," meaning at the time doing it yourself instead of going through the big publishers, like Marvel. Fine. He invited me to draw some stuff, and then we got hold of (Rick) Griffin and (Victor) Moscoso, who at the time were using comics in their posters for the Fillmore and the Avalon. We decided to form a company to do *Zap*, and between the four of us we did the second one—quite literally selling it out of the trunk of a car.

HM: When did you start making enough money to live off your art?

SCW: Just a couple of years after the first *Zap*, '69 or '70 maybe. People started going ape shit buying these comics. Ironically, the same people to whom I tried selling my portfolio—who threw me out of their shops saying "bad vibes," and "the stuff is too violent"—later thanked me for keeping them in business. I find that amusing.

HM: How do your parents feel about your work?

SCW: They haven't seen it.

HM: All these years? Don't they ask to see it?

SCW: No, they know better. They know I'm making a living doing what I do, but beyond that, they have no idea. They do know, however, that a) it would shock them and b) they wouldn't understand it. And I don't think they expect me to explain it to them. So it's not even talked about. My mother found a *Zap* once, and was really shocked and heartbroken, and was quivering with rage as she showed it to my sister, saying, "Do you realize what your brother is doing?"

© 1982 by S. Clay Wilson.

HM: Bikers seem to be a key image in your work. Were you ever a biker?
SCW: That's just a fantasy thing. Spain (fellow underground comic artist Spain Rodriguez) was a biker, but I never really was part of a club. I've had bikes—I dig Harleys and so forth—but I was never part of any club.
HM: Do you know the Hell's Angels?
SCW: I've met them. Spain knows them.
HM: Do they read your work?
SCW: Yes, in fact, they like it. I gave one of my portfolios to (Oakland Angels chief and star of *Gimme Shelter*) Sonny Barger to get into a Janis Joplin concert once when I had no money. The Angels were fighting in one room, while Joplin was singing to the hippies in the other. It was like one of my drawings come to life.
HM: What other things have you considered turning points, or critical moments, in your life?
SCW: The comics were important because I realized that I liked the idea of multiplicity—of just drawing the stuff and having it available to everyone, instead of the art gallery thing, which is so much more elitist. That idea appealed to me—it goes back to illustrated newspapers, and even Bruegel printing and handing out pamphlets on the streets of Belgium. And we get paid for it, which is all right. I don't think it's necessary that artists should starve. I think that's bullshit. You should get paid for your work, whether you're an artist, or a baker, or a chef, or whatever.
HM: Do you think of yourself as normal?
SCW: Yeah, pretty much. I don't consider myself odder than many other people that I know. I mean, I have an old lady. I eat and shit. I go to the movies and walk on the beach, just like everybody else. As far as daily routine or activities outside of art, I don't consider myself any more abnormal than the people I know who are down at the local bar, sheet-rock workers or plumbers. Their lifestyles are nowhere different than mine. What they do for a living is different, of course, and I'm sure there's a whole different range of perceptions and sensitivities that go into doing art work than tearing down a wall. Going to the local bar here gives you a real cross-section. On one hand, I'm an oddball but on the other I'm not. Nobody gives a shit if you're odd or not, because *everybody* is odd enough in their own way.
HM: Is the Checkered Demon you?
SCW: No, he's a cartoon character.
HM: Isn't there some way in which you identify with him?
SCW: I think you have to, with any cartoon character you draw. It's got to be a part of you in one way or another, right? This alter-ego thing, though, I haven't really figured out—which part is me, which is somebody else. I haven't really mapped out how these cartoon characters simmer up. I've been doing it for so long I haven't really analyzed it.
HM: How would you describe your relationship with the Checkered Demon? He seems to be the character who really rises above all the other characters for you.
SCW: A lot of people really like the Checkered Demon because he represents the underdog. His attitude is not that of a cute cartoon character—even though he's a little too cute, which kind of bothers me—but funky and cynical enough so a lot of people can identify with him, as opposed to the real bland crap in the Sunday papers—one cute cat strip after another. So the Checkered Demon is like the guy down at the bar: a plumber or a hardhat. A lot of people identify with the character and the ideas he expresses, and I guess I must feel the same way. I'm not saying that everything he thinks I think as well—it's more like a fantasy thing.
HM: What about the homosexuality that runs through some of your work?
SCW: I think it's funny. I don't know. I'm kind of a repressed Victorian, so I'm doing these things because I like drawing "dirty pictures." It's enjoyable because it's dirty; it's the idea of breaking a taboo. Probably even as little as five years from now, a lot of this stuff will either look fairly bland or be accepted. The shock value will probably diminish considerably. I do it because I think it's funny—it's a form of satire. The whole thing is ludicrous, absurd.
HM: It would be frightening if people tried to model their lives after it, wouldn't it?
SCW: That's their problem. I've probably just read too much Kraft-Ebbing or something. I have this morbid fascination with deviancy and I like drawing it both in comic strips and watercolors. I find it entertaining. I'm sure a shrink would have a field day trying to figure out why I did it. I just find it fun. People can take it or leave it.
HM: What other things does S. Clay Wilson want to do with his life and himself?
SCW: Just be a successful artist and own some property.
HM: You don't want to write the Great American Novel?
SCW: Maybe later. I want to learn to draw first—I don't really consider myself a good artist. That might be because I have high standards. I don't know. I'm more interested in other people's artwork than my own, as far as getting ideas and so forth.
HM: If you could name one artist you wanted to be, who would you name?
SCW: Myself.

(Formerly Associate Editor of HM, Brad Balfour acted as Media Consultant for S. Clay Wilson's Museum of the Surreal and Fantastique show.)

GALLERY: The Lowbrow Art of ROBERT WILLIAMS

We asked UG artist S. Clay Wilson to interview UG artist Robert Williams for this month's Gallery, *thus . .*

WILSON: The first question I'd like to ask you is in regards to a remark made in your *Lowbrow Art* book about a gun as an art supply. Were you issued a pistol to defend yourself against outlaw bikers while you were working for Ed "Big Daddy" Roth?

ROBT. WMS.: Oh, no. That ain't exactly the way it was. This was in my book all right, but this part of the book was written by Gilbert Shelton. He got the story from me, and the story is true, but the way you put it, it sounds like you're trying to make me out to be some kind of Art Gunsel or something. Here's the way it was. In '67 or '68, I was the chief artist at Roth Studios in Maywood, California. Roth, as you remember, built custom show cars and motorcycles. He was associated with some pretty rough bikers. I'm not going into the details of some of this because it's simply not my business. I say this even after Roth himself, years later, made some mention of it publicly in a lecture at the San Diego comic con. Anyway, there had been trouble, and obviously there was going to be more trouble. I came into work one morning, and there were bullet holes in the walls and floor. Roth told me 'if trouble breaks out, don't stand around boxing it out with them.' I felt real relieved when he said that, but then he finished that sentence by saying 'your gun will be hidden above the stereo speaker on the wall.' I never used the gun. Finally, the trouble blew over. That was a long time ago. Roth is a conservative citizen now.

WILSON: You mean, your book is full of shit?

ROBT. WMS.: If you find some bullshit in that book, I'll give you your $10.95 back.

WILSON: A review in *Comics Journal* said the book is an attempt at a manifesto.

ROBT. WMS.: Well, yeah, but writing about picking your nose can be a manifesto! The book is an alternative to the upper class art circles that people like you and me don't seem to be able to move in.

WILSON: This primary cartoon character of yours, Coochy Cooty, does he or does he not have a dress on? Does this mean he's a transvestite? Are you a transvestite?

ROBT. WMS.: Now, I could say that it isn't a dress, and I could say that since the cartoon character is an insect, that this part of him is a carapace, a bony shell insects have. But, I won't say that. Instead, I'll gratify your propensity for perversion and say, yes, that's a dress, a tutu to be specific. I purposely made the gender of Coochy Cooty vague, to add a paradoxical and mystical personality to him. But, by the second or third strip, the character developed a masculine street personality. To answer your last question, no, I'm not a TV.

WILSON: In the prologue of your portfolio, *The Art and Imagery of Robt. Williams*, it mentioned that you were the art director for *Black Belt* magazine in the sixties. Did you learn karate?

ROBT. WMS.: No, I just learned to be snoopy. The office was located across the street from a whorehouse.

WILSON: This is a question I get asked, let's see what you can do with it. Why all the sex and violence?

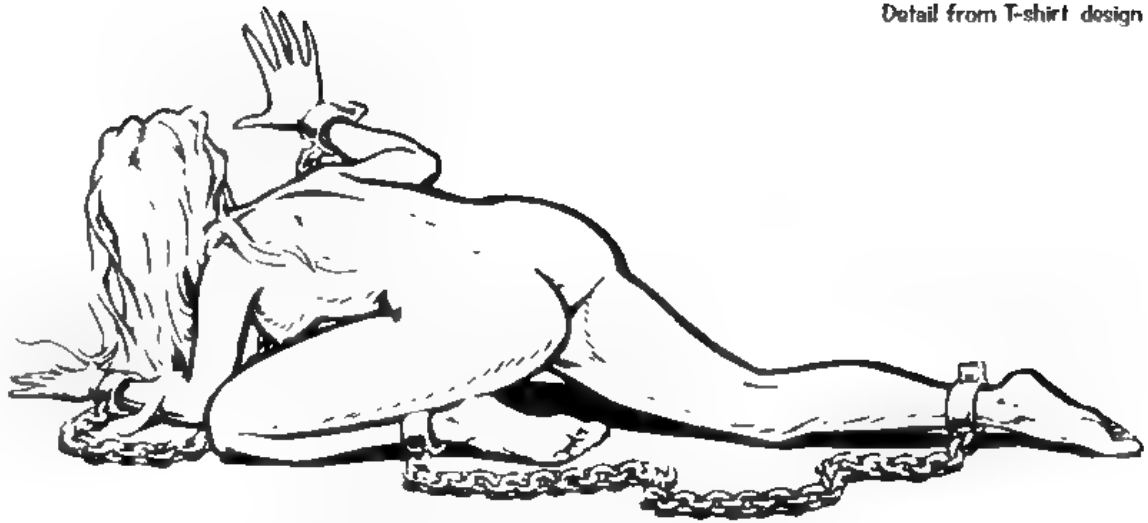
ROBT. WMS.: Well, if you mean a carnal obsession and a fascination with overt tragedy, yeah, that's me. Sex and violence is the yardstick with which passion and reality are measured, whether you like it or not. Look, I can't personally bear the responsibility that we live in a "monkey see, monkey-do world."

WILSON: Speaking of sex and violence, what are you trying to pull with these new rough paintings you've been doing this year?

Above
IN THE LAND OF RETINAL DELIGHTS (1968)

Left
THE ROOSTER'S LAMENT (1974)

Detail from T-shirt design



ROBT. WMS.: What am I trying to pull? I'm trying to pull off my date with destiny, just like the rest of us. Maybe that means making enough money for old age, or maybe it means sitting out on a tropical veranda with a couple of naked ladies drinking piña coladas in Jamaica. We'll see

WILSON: No, no, I don't mean your petty aspirations! I'm asking about these hideous zombie mystery paintings.

ROBT. WMS.: Well, granted they do show decapitations and rapes and what not, but I wouldn't call them 'hideous.'

WILSON: Do you think a picture of a fellow with his head cut off being pulled around by his entrails by a naked lady is cute? You think you have a right to subject the general public to that sort of stuff?

ROBT. WMS.: Look, I don't like the general public subjecting me to cute kitties with big eyes, puppies, baby showers, pac-man and one thing or another, but I wouldn't try to deny this to other people. I've lost a lot of clientele this last year with these gory paintings, but I've gained a lot more. If I have to paint what other people want, I'll end up painting puppies, shaved-leg barbarians and happy little elves.

WILSON: Why don't you give us an idea of just what shape underground comix are in?

ROBT. WMS.: Well, they were at their peak about 1971. That's when I got my biggest *Zap* royalty checks. When the Vietnam war was over, sales started slipping. People weren't as disgusted with the government anymore and didn't have need to lose themselves in antisocial entertainment like underground comix. Anyway, by that time, everybody had become hippies and were out growing flower power. Also, there were too many comix. Everybody that could buy a rapidograph pen thought they were going to be the next Robert Crumb, so there were a lot of bad comix that came out. Then the country showed its right wing leaning by installing our omnipotent leader, President Reagan. The backbone of the underground comix market has always been the head shops. Since Reagan's election, many states have completely outlawed head shops. The end may well be in sight for this way of selling UG comix. I guess the rank and file status quo is going to impose Judeo-Christian ethics on us at gun point. The underground comix fraternity has got one big hope coming, there seems to be a phenomenon popping up all over the country called 'The Comic Book Shop.' The problem is that these new stores are scared, or just don't know how to handle underground comix, even though there is certainly an enormous potential market for them. There is a whole new wave punk generation coming on the scene that's just not going to be content with regular comics. At the same time, there exists a repressive government imposing itself during bad economic times. This fosters antisocial expression, thus, more underground comix

WILSON: You're not exactly a flaming liberal yourself.

ROBT. WMS.: True, but I'm not quite as generous as Christ was with Caesar either!

Below: detail from
A DEVIL WITH A HAMMER
& HELL WITH A TORCH (1973)

Williams's Cooky Cooty

A SALUTE TO THOSE CRAFTSMEN WHO WERE ...
GEORGE BARRIS
THE PEARL
MAESTRO
THE SUPREME T.A.S.K. SESSION
THE DADDY ROTH
BOOKING BILLS
$
$
182601

I'M AGE

"SO SHE SET OUT TO SEE. SHE WALKED MILE AFTER MILE.

"SHE WALKED HOUR AFTER HOUR. SHE WALKED DAY AFTER DAY.

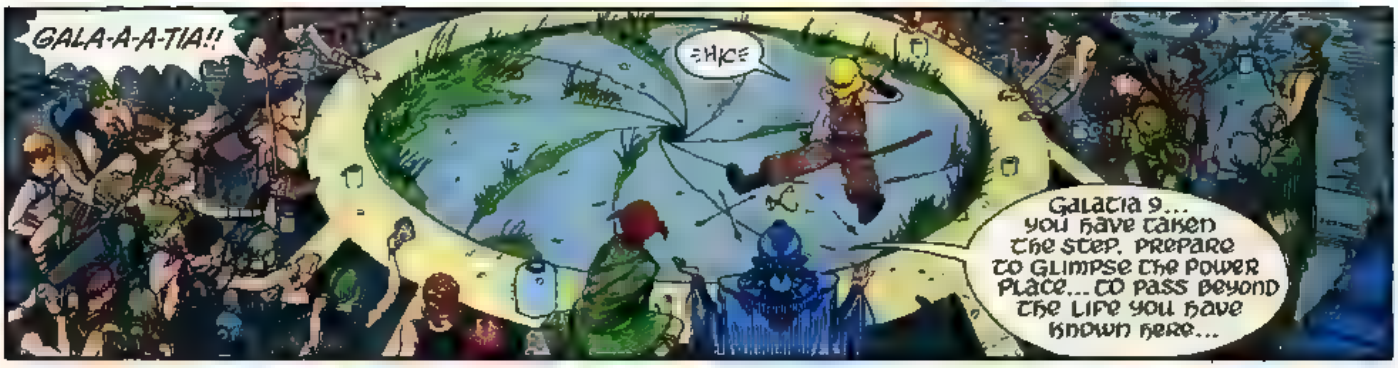
"AND AFTER **TWO WEEKS** DECIDED THAT SURELY SHE HAD WALKED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD."

STARSTRUCK

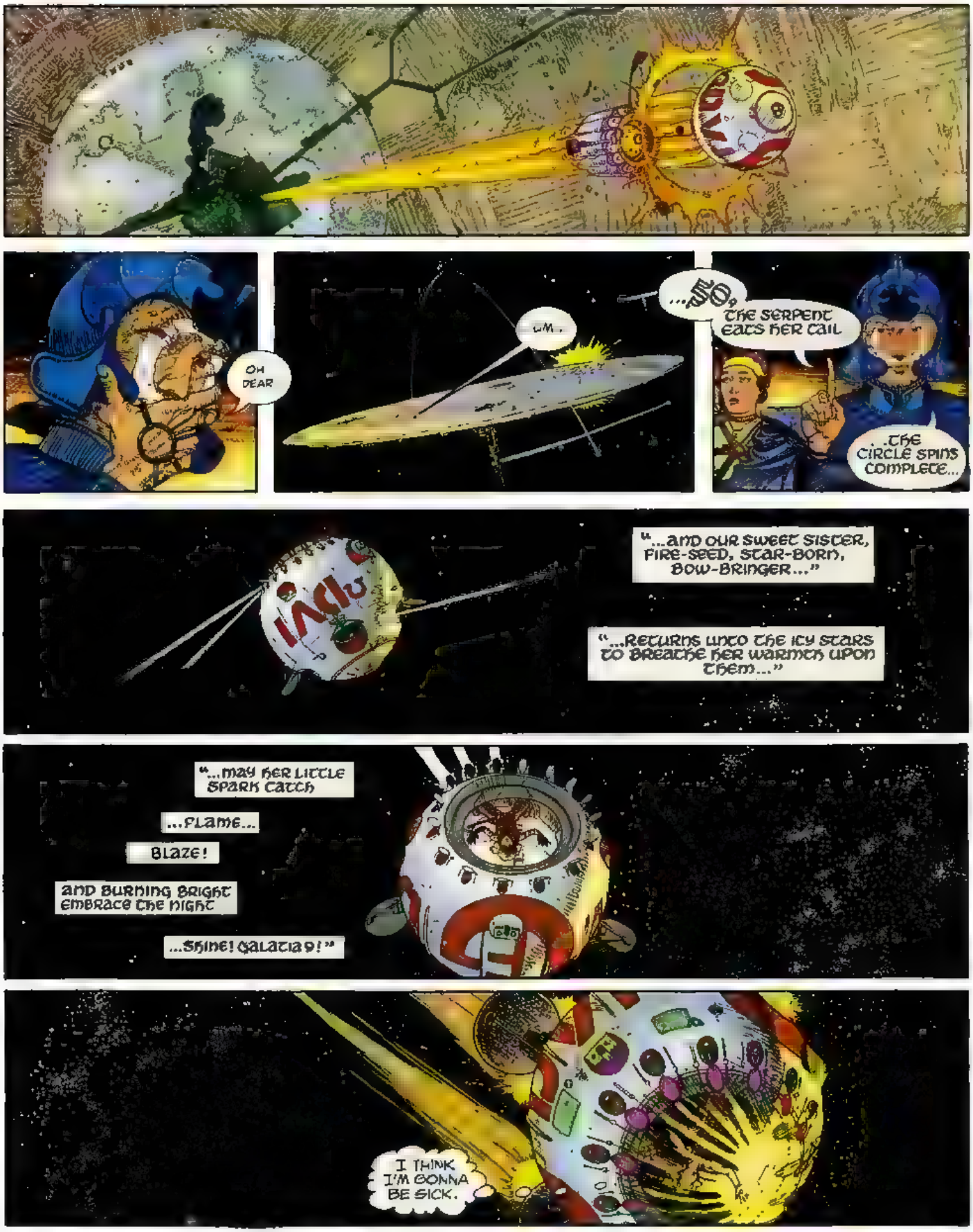
WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE · ILLUSTRATED BY M. W. KALUTA
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

AFTER THWARTING AN ATTEMPTED GANG-BANG BY THE MEN OF OMEGA, GALATIA 9 WAS BROUGHT INTO "THE CIRCLE" AND MADE A SISTER BY THE PEACEFUL WOMEN OF THE PLANET

THIS I SWEAR ON MY MOTHER'S WOMB, THE...
WHAT?
ALL BETWEEN PALM AND PALM BELONGS TO THE MOTHER.
...ALL BETWEEN PALM AND PALM BELONGS TO THE MOTHER...


GALA-A-A-TIA!!
=HIC=
Galatia 9... you have taken the step. Prepare to glimpse the power place... to pass beyond the life you have known here...

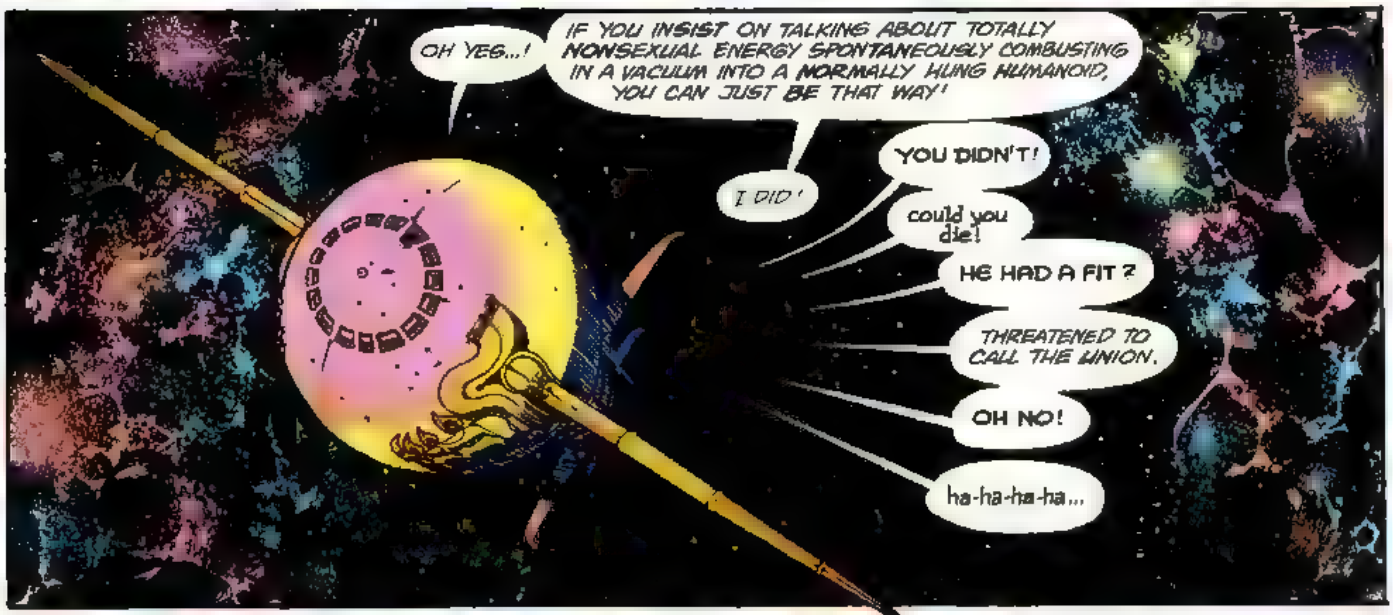
WHERE'D SHE GO?
...HARD...
WHU' HAPPENED?
OH?
YEAH!
I AM...
...THIS RIGHT...?
PASSING BETWEEN THE LIFE I HAVE KNOWN?
TAKE OFF THE BLINDFOLD!
I TAKE OFF THE BLINDFOLD!
THIS A TEST.?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I DON'T KNOW!
.DIDN'T TELL ME ABOUT THIS PART
COME BACK!
WHERE AM I?...HE...EEEE!!
?
WHRRIIRRIIRR.
ZITT
BOOF
KLIK!
OW
RUMMBLE
PUH TOOM!

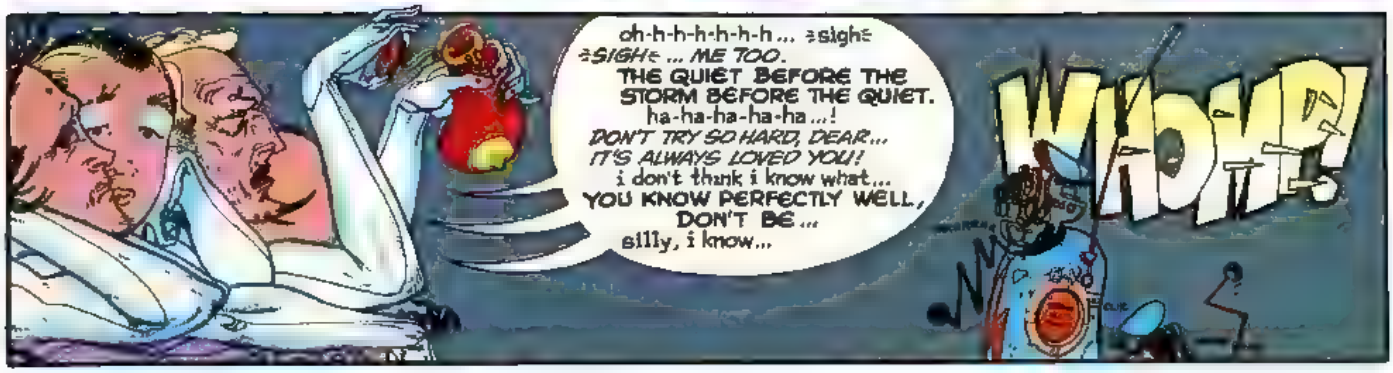

OH DEAR
UM.
...SO, THE SERPENT EATS HER TAIL
...THE CIRCLE SPINS COMPLETE...
"...AND OUR SWEET SISTER, FIRE-SEED, STAR-BORN, BOW-BRINGER..."
"...RETURNS UNTO THE ICY STARS TO BREATHE HER WARMTH UPON THEM..."
"...MAY HER LITTLE SPARK CATCH
...FLAME...
BLAZE!
AND BURNING BRIGHT EMBRACE THE NIGHT
...SHINE! GALATIA!"
I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK.

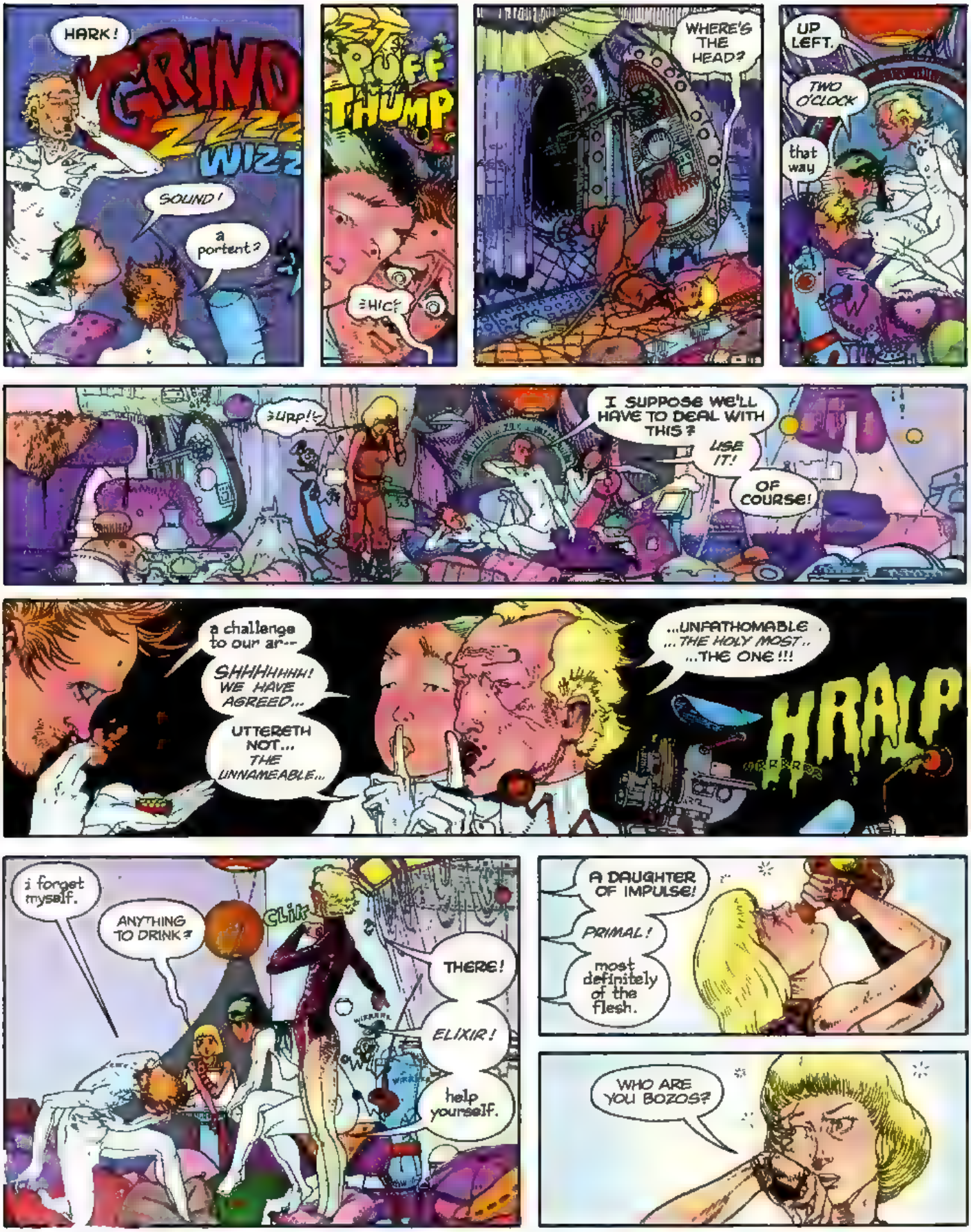
CYCLE 132
ANARCHERA

THE VOID

"WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE, TRIED TO SMOKE A RUBBER CIGAR. IT WAS LOADED AND EXPLODED... SILENT NIGHT.."
--OBSCURE RHYME ATTRIBUTED TO THE CHILDREN OF EARTH.


OH YES...!
IF YOU INSIST ON TALKING ABOUT TOTALLY NONSEXUAL ENERGY SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTING IN A VACUUM INTO A NORMALLY HUNG HUMANOID, YOU CAN JUST BE THAT WAY!
I DID!
YOU DIDN'T!
could you die!
HE HAD A FIT?
THREATENED TO CALL THE UNION.
OH NO!
ha-ha-ha-ha...

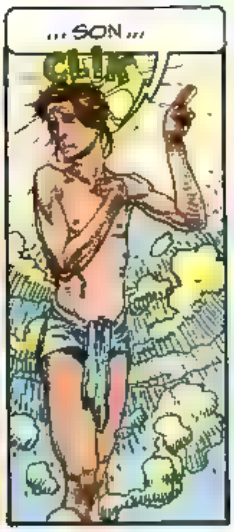

oh-h-h-h-h-h-h... sigh
SIGH... ME TOO.
THE QUIET BEFORE THE STORM BEFORE THE QUIET.
ha-ha-ha-ha-ha...!
DON'T TRY SO HARD, DEAR... IT'S ALWAYS LOVED YOU!
i don't think i know what...
YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL, DON'T BE...
silly, i know...
WHOMP!


HARK!
GRIND
ZZZZ
WIZZ
SOUND!
a portent?
ZT
PUFF
THUMP
=HIC=
WHERE'S THE HEAD?
UP LEFT.
TWO O'CLOCK
that way
=URP!=
I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS?
USE IT!
OF COURSE!
a challenge to our ar--
SHHHHHHH! WE HAVE AGREED...
UTTERETH NOT... THE UNNAMEABLE...
...UNFATHOMABLE ...THE HOLY MOST.. ...THE ONE !!!
HRALP
i forget myself.
ANYTHING TO DRINK?
CLINK
THERE!
ELIXIR!
help yourself.
A DAUGHTER OF IMPULSE!
PRIMAL!
most definitely of the flesh.
WHO ARE YOU BOZOS?

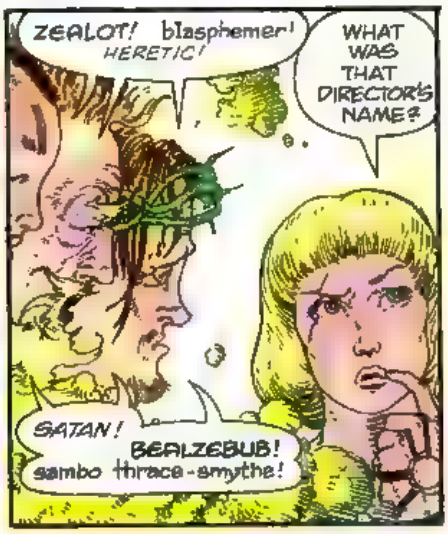
THE SOURCE ... THE SILENCE ... the lamb..
OMINOUS ABSENCE ... RUAH...
.the dangling zed... INEFFABLE ZILCH...
...EGGS BREATH IN THE VIRGIN SHELL ...
. blood fruit of the death tree ..
THE FATHER ... ...the son
..THE SPIRIT...
CLIK
IRRRR
CLIK

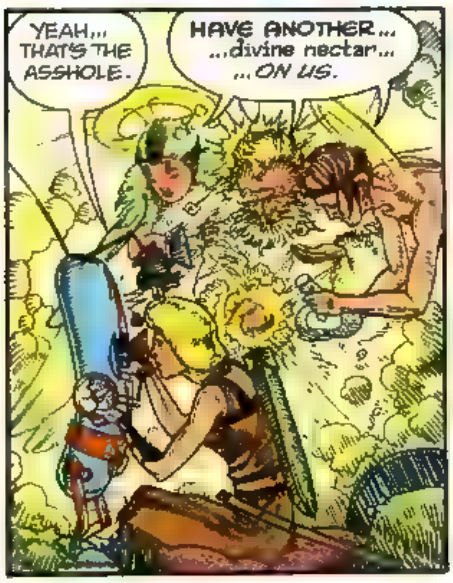
WAIT A MARTRON!... "ARCHEORGANAAPOCOLYPSIA", RIGHT?
AND, LO, FROM HIS GRIEF CAME A VISION IN WHICH THE UNIVERSE TREMBLED AND WAS BATHED IN TERRIBLE LIGHT, AND HE SHRANK IN HIS GRIEF FROM THE VISION AND WAS AFEARD AND CRIED OUT:
LO! I AM AFEARED! HOW IS THERE A BEING THAT HAS THREE FORMS, AND HOW CAN THREE FORMS BE ONE BEING?"
AND THE VISION SAID:
THE LIGHT IS GOD, GOD IS THREE, THREE ARE ONE, ONE IS A-T AND A-T IS THE ETERNAL, UNSPEAKABLE NAME OF...

...FATHER...
CLIK

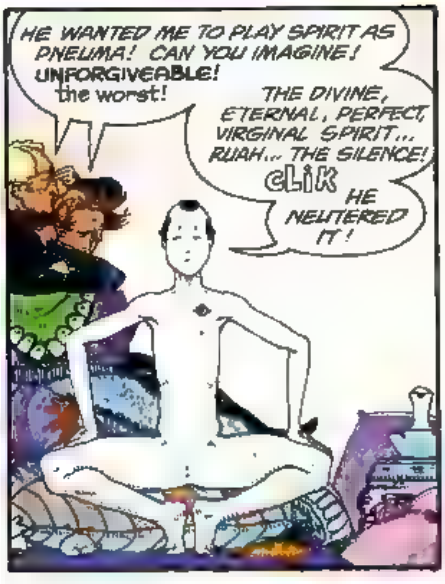

...SON...
CLIK

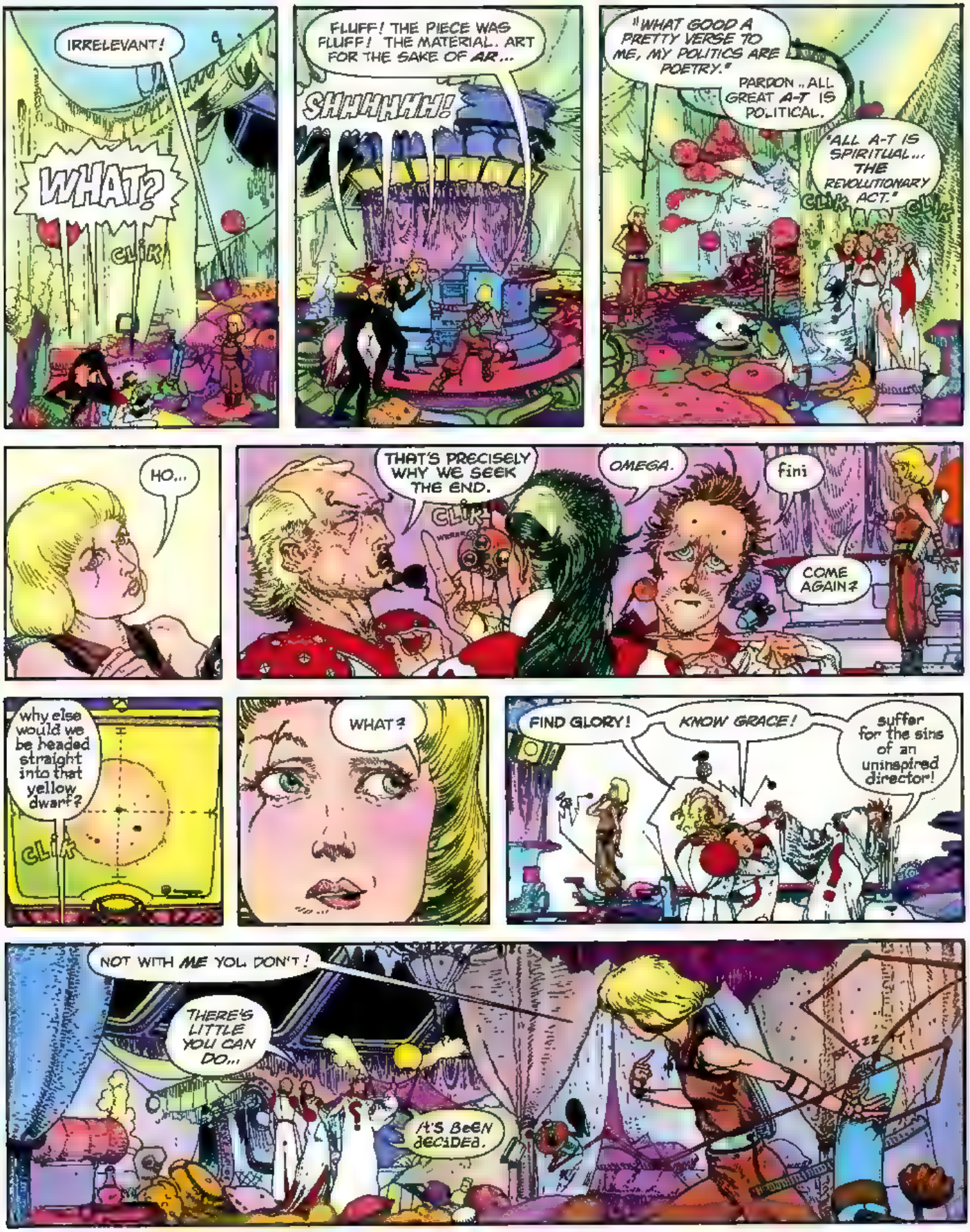
...HOLY SPIRIT."
CLIK
YEAH...
SUCKED MEAT! I THOUGHT THEY SHOT YOU GUYS.


ZEALOT! blasphemer! HERETIC!
WHAT WAS THAT DIRECTOR'S NAME?
SATAN!
BEALZEBUB!
sambo thrace-smythe!


YEAH... THAT'S THE ASSHOLE.
HAVE ANOTHER... ...divine nectar... ...ON US.

HIS INTERPRETATION OF THE PIECE WAS SOMEWHAT OFF CENTER..
CLIK
.. ABOUT FIFTY LIGHT-YEARS.
CLIK
CLIK
completely out of the ball park.


HE WANTED ME TO PLAY SPIRIT AS PNEUMA! CAN YOU IMAGINE! UNFORGIVEABLE! the worst!
THE DIVINE, ETERNAL, PERFECT, VIRGINAL SPIRIT... RUAH... THE SILENCE!
CLIK
HE NEUTERED IT!


IRRELEVANT!
WHAT?
CLIK
FLUFF! THE PIECE WAS FLUFF! THE MATERIAL. ART FOR THE SAKE OF ART...
SHHHHHH!
"WHAT GOOD A PRETTY VERSE TO ME, MY POLITICS ARE POETRY."
PARDON .. ALL GREAT A-T IS POLITICAL.
"ALL A-T IS SPIRITUAL... THE REVOLUTIONARY ACT."
CLIK
CLIK
HO...
THAT'S PRECISELY WHY WE SEEK THE END.
CLIK
OMEGA.
fini
COME AGAIN?
why else would we be headed straight into that yellow dwarf?
CLIK
WHAT?
FIND GLORY!
KNOW GRACE!
suffer for the sins of an uninspired director!
NOT WITH ME YOU DON'T!
THERE'S LITTLE YOU CAN DO...
IT'S BEEN DECIDED.
ZZZ

OKAY! YOU SIMPERING WIMPS ARE GONNA STRAIGHTEN UP AND TURN THIS THING AROUND OR I'M GONNA PUNCH YOUR LIGHTS OUT--GOT IT?
WIPEOUT
AH, PAIN!
AH, SORROW!
ah, martyrdom!
...NOT THE WAY TO GO WITH THIS THING...
SLAM!
I'M ONLY DOING THIS FOR YOUR SAKE GUYS. HEY...! YOU KIDS HAD YOUR LITTLE HEARTS SET ON MEETING ETERNITY AS A TRINITY?
I MAKE FOUR.
FOUR'S A QUARTET.
A PROBLEM. true. WE HADN'T CONSIDERED.
THERE IS A SOLUTION THAT I BELIEVE WOULD MEET WITH YOUR UNANIMOUS APPROVAL. IF I MAY?
CeRTa/NEmENt
HERE'S THE SCOOP: THE THREE OF YOU HEAD FOR THE NEAREST HANDY ESCAPE POD AND TAKE OFF STRAIGHT OUT OF THE GALAXY LIKE A BAT OUTA HELL. SO... YOU'LL BE GOING FAS'ER AND FASTER, AND AS YOU GET CLOSER TO THE SPEED OF LIGHT, TIME REVERSES AND YOU'RE GOIN BACK FURTHER AND FURTHER, AND WHEN YOU REACH LIGHT-SPEED...
BAM!!!
..YOU BECOME PURE ENERGY, MERGE, BECOME LIGHT, THREE BEINGS IN ONE, PRE-CREATION, PREGNANT WITH POSSIBILITY... IN A WORD. GOD!
JOY!
RAPTURE!
the pinnacle, craft-wise

TO BE CONTINUED

ANNOUNCING!!!.....

THE LOWBROW ART OF ROBERT WILLIAMS chronicles the art career of one of the West Coast's more curious individuals, and the quasi-folk art he's helped to foster. This excellent volume from RIP OFF PRESS, INC. collects the essential Williams with his razor sharp craftsmanship and acid wit. He has given us a finely detailed look at surfer art, biker art, hot rod art, tattoo designs and underground comix as well as some of the most beautiful oil paintings ever painted. Apprenticed to such characters as Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, Williams later proved himself the "KING OF CHROME" in early issues of Zap Comix. Often violent and sometimes offensive, this artist's work is highly prized by collectors.

16 FULL COLOR PLATES

Lowbrow Art Book
Heavy Metal Dept ROP
635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Please send me_____copy(ies) of Robert Williams' LOWBROW ART book.
I'm enclosing $10.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling for each copy ordered.

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Name _____

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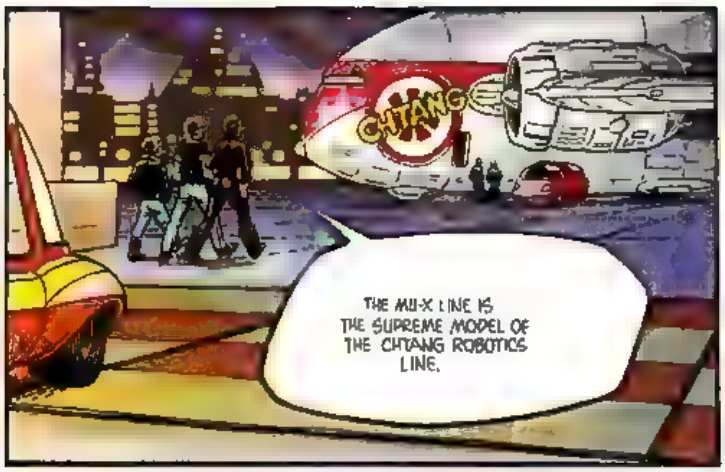
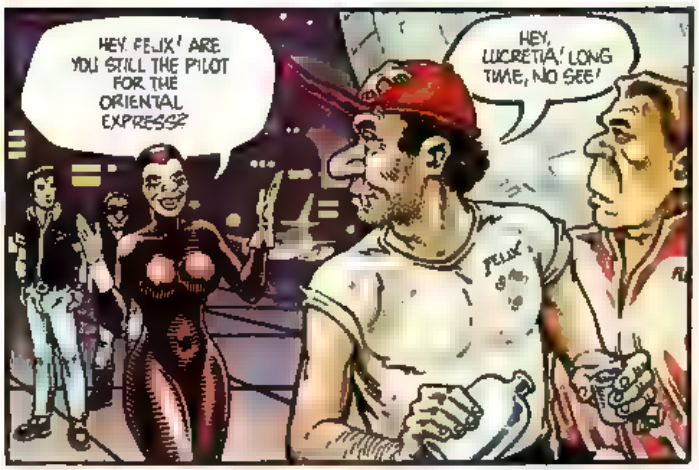
(If you want to get LOWBROW but don't want to hack up your copy of HM, print all the above stuff on plain paper and send it with check or money order.)

A-DRE-NA-LINE
A-DRE-NA-LINE
A-DRE-NA-LINE
WHERE ARE THE MUSICIANS?
OH! HERE THEY ARE!
HEY! HAVE YOU SEEN ADRENALINE ANYWHERE?
ONE HOUR LATE THIS IS CRAZY THERE MUST BE SOME THING GOING ON THAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT
SHARK WENT TO CHECK IN HER HOTEL ROOM. THE ONLY THING TO DO IS WAIT UNTIL HE GETS BACK.
YOU EXPECT 150 PRYING, SCREAMING GROUPIES TO WAIT JUST SIT AROUND CALMLY AND WAIT?
SHARK, YOUR MANAGER HAS BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! DID YOU FIND ADRENA
WE HAVE TO CANCEL EVERY-THING! ADRENALINE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED
KIDNAPPED?
THAT'S WEIRD!
WHERE DID YOU HEAR THAT?
R-RE-READ THIS LETTER!
READ IT OUT LOUD LUCRETIA!
"WE HAVE KIDNAPPED ADRENALINE. SHE WILL BE BROUGHT BACK TO YOU SAFE AND SOUND IF YOU DO THE FOLLOWING WE WANT 3 MU-X ROBOTS WE'LL RELEASE HER ON THE 5TH, AT 11PM, BEHIND FIDO'S. IF YOU DELIVER THE ROBOTS AND REMEMBER, BE DISCREET, OR YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN "
MY GOD!
3

WHERE ARE WE GOING, LUCRETIA?
WE HAVE TO TRY AND FIND THOSE ROBOTS, OR WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE IN HELL OF FINDING HER
ADRENALINE
WE HAVE TWO DAYS TO FIND HER. THAT DOESN'T GIVE US MUCH TIME.

BUT WHY ARE WE GOING TOWARDS THE AIRPORT?
TO TAKE A PLANE.


CHIANG
THE MU-X LINE IS THE SUPREME MODEL OF THE CHIANG ROBOTICS LINE.


HEY, FELIX! ARE YOU STILL THE PILOT FOR THE ORIENTAL EXPRESS?
HEY, LUCRETIA! LONG TIME, NO SEE!
FELIX

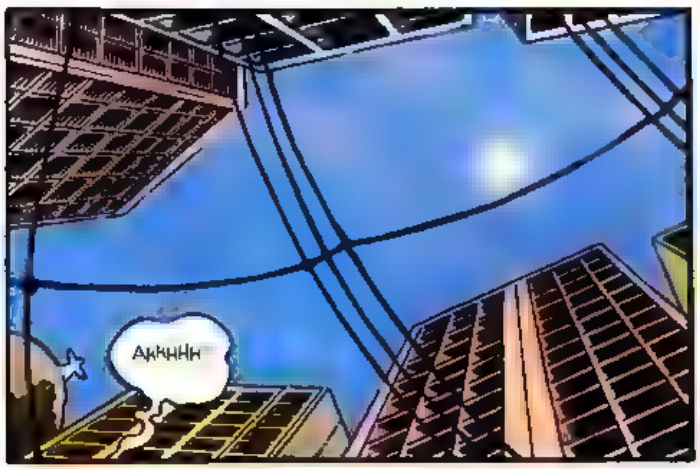
YEAH! THIS IS MAX AND TIGER! WE'RE GOING WITH YOU!
OH REALLY?
SURE?
WE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND WITH THE LOADING!

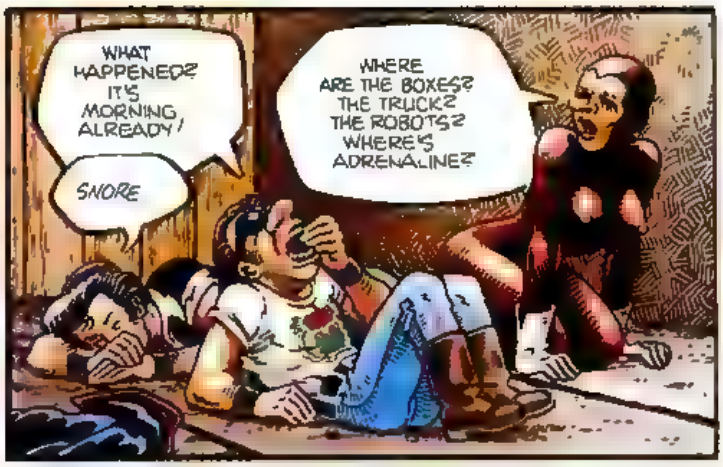
FRIDAY, 4 JAN '93, 6 05 A.M.
DO YOU HAVE YOUR SEATBELT FASTENED TIGHT, TIGER?
YEAH! YEAH! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, MAX?
THAT WE HAVE ONLY 38 HOURS LEFT

FINE! YOU GUYS START LOADING UP WHILE RIC AND I GRAB A SNOOT FULL OF SAKE WITH THE GEISHAS.
WE'LL TAKE OFF AT DAWN.
FELIX

FRIDAY 4 JAN. '93, 11:35 P.M.
WELL, HERE WE ARE! THE CHIANG EMPIRE! THEY'VE CORNERED THE WORLD MARKET IN ROBOT EVERY THING!
LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO LING LAO HE'S THE HEAD OF THE WARE HOUSE
WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WE'LL GET REAL HIGH ON SOME OF THIS SAKE
YEAH? AND WHO WILL DRIVE TO-MORROW?
BRR.. IT'S FUCKIN COLD HERE!
GIVE LING LAO THE LIST OF MATERIALS YOU NEED. HE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING
BYE-BYE
WE'D LIKE TO HELP YOU PACK UP, COMRADE LING LAO THAT WILL HELP US WARM UP
I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT WE ARE ALL WORKING PEOPLE VERY GOOD! VERY COMMEND-ABLE!
WHAT SHOULD WE START WITH?
WHAT A LABY-RINTH!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE ROBOTS!
HERE THEY ARE, THE MK-X MODELS! COME AND SEE!
HERE THEY ARE! OH, NO. THEY'RE M 35!
YES, YES, TAKE THEM
YOU GAVE ME THESE VERY DEM-OCRATIC MAGA-ZINES! SAYONARA!
SEX

SAT, 5 JAN '93 8.00 P.M.
FELIX' WE'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE OFF IN A FEW MINUTES'
WITH ALL THAT YOU'VE HAD TO DRINK WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER MAKE IT HOME
ALIREEEVERDERCI, MY (HIC) LOVE'
WE'LL NEVER GET THERE WITH THESE DELAYS' I WONDER WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ADRENALINE'
WHAT ARE YOUR FRIENDS PLOTTING?
AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME'
SAT. 5 JAN. '93. 9.45 P.M.
HEY HO' WHY DON'T WE ALL GO AND SPEND THE NIGHT IN A LITTLE NIGHT-CLUB I KNOW ON THE SEINE'
SORRY FELIX' AFTER ALL OF THAT LOADING AND UNLOADING, WE'RE BEAT'
PFFF' SPOILSPORTS
10.30 A.M.
WE'RE EARLY
WE COULD SET A TRAP
11.05 P.M.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE LATE'
I HOPE WE GOT THE RIGHT IN-STRUCTIONS'
HMMM I WONDER
TIGER, LUCRETIA DO YOU HAVE THE FEELING THAT WE'RE BEING HAD?
Tiger
FFFT
ARE YOU THINKING OF SOMEONE IN PARTICULAR?
HEY I'VE BEEN SHOT'
AIIII.'
MAX' TIGER'


AHHHH


WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S MORNING ALREADY!
SNORE
WHERE ARE THE BOXES? THE TRUCK? THE ROBOTS? WHERE'S ADRENALINE?

LOOK
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET!
7

!?
?
NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE! SHE CAN'T DO THIS TO US!
tiger

ADRENALINE
AND HER NEW GROUP, THE ROCKBOTS
?
THAT
BITCH
CREEP!
Tiger

HER NEW GROUP, THE ROCKBOTS!
THE NERVE! WHAT A SCAM!
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO CONVERT!
MAYBE TO BAROQUE OR POSSIBLY OPERA?
YOU KNOW AT TIMES, ROCK MUSIC CAN BE A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS!
END.

THE ART & IMAGERY OF ROBT. WILLIAMS

NEW LIMITED EDITION PORTFOLIO RELEASE

EIGHT FULL COLOR PLATES

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Each plate is reproduced in exacting detail, faithful to all of the subtleties of Williams' originals. All plates measure 9¼ x 12¼ and are printed on heavy (coated) stock. All are packaged in a full-color folder, with a biographical profile of the artist and his personal notes on the plates.

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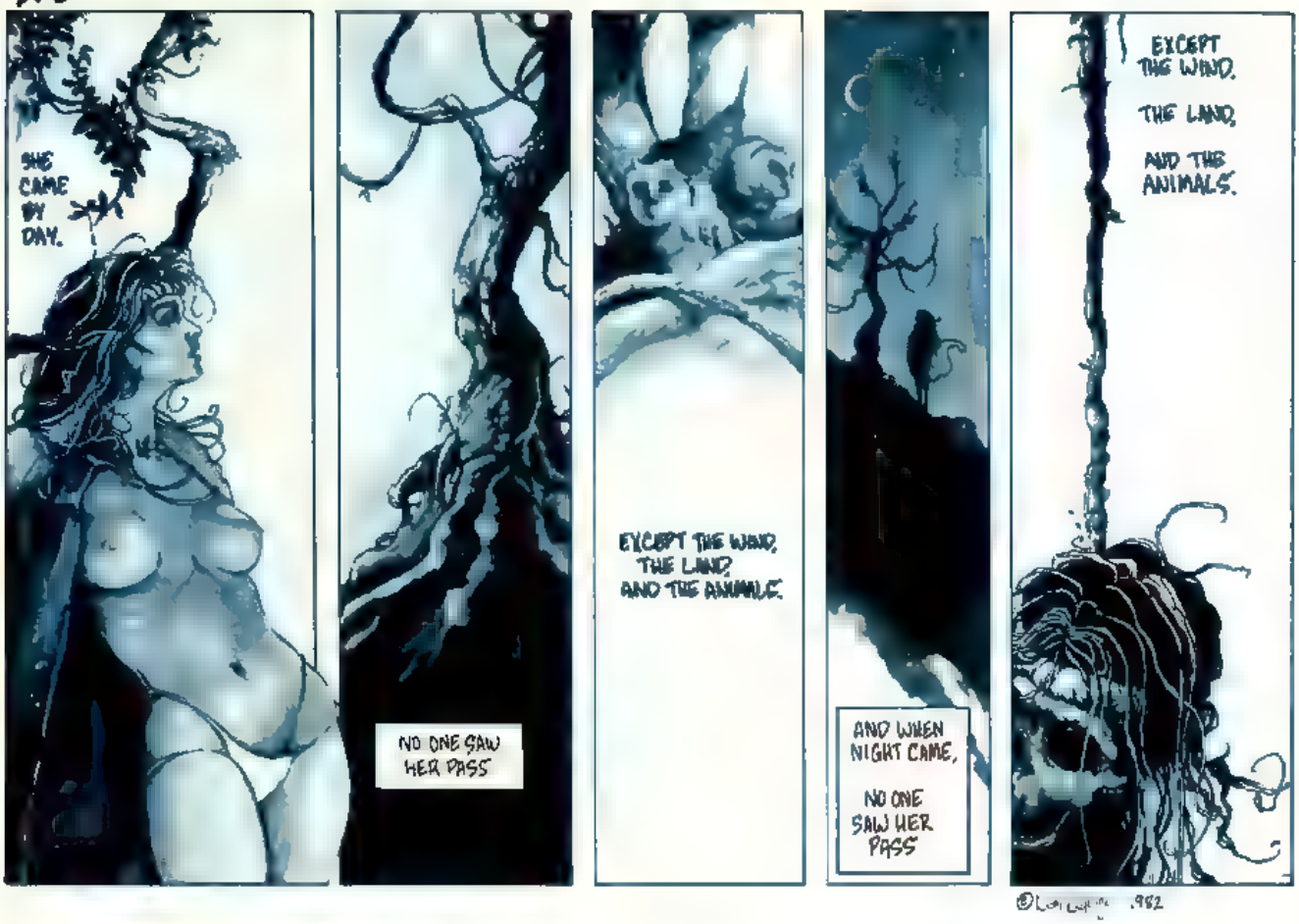
SHE
SHE CAME BY DAY.
NO ONE SAW HER PASS
EXCEPT THE WIND, THE LAND, AND THE ANIMALS.
AND WHEN NIGHT CAME,
NO ONE SAW HER PASS
EXCEPT THE WIND, THE LAND, AND THE ANIMALS.

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THE 2ND INTER'L SF ART AWARD "START NOW"

The 1st Inter'l SF Art Award achieved a remarkable success, marking the birth of a number of new creative artists. Here comes the 2nd Inter'l SF Art Award. Grand Prize-US$8,000.00 !!

DIVISION OF ART:
Part I Illustration
Part II Miniature Mechanical Design Diorama
Part III Comics
Part IV VTR 8mm 16mm

JUDGES:
Forrest Ackerman Neal Adams Ray Bradbury Roger Dean Frank Frazetta Robert McCall Moebius Syd Mead (expectant) Steven Spielberg (expectant) and first-line Japanese SF artists and novelists

CONTENTS OF ART:
have to be related to SF and Fantasy Super Science
Part I
Illustration
Standard size (1) 515×728mm(20.28×28.66") (2) 1030×728mm(40.56×28.66")
Every illustration size (1) (2) and others should be attached on an illustration board or paneled and covered with wrapping
Part II
Miniature Mechanical Design Diorama
Space ship robot space station and others should be original in design
Mechanical Design Standard size (1)515×728mm(20.28×28.66") (2)1030×728mm(40.56×28.66")Should be attached on an illustration board
Miniature Diorama Should be demonstrated by three pictures(6.5×8.5" both B/W and CLR acceptable) Actual sizes and comment should be mentioned on the back of the pictures Pictures are not returnable
Part III
Comics Size should be 296×217mm(11.7×8.24") Within 40 pages
Part IV
VTR 8mm 16mm Within 10 minutes (Both VHS and Beta acceptable)

QUALIFICATIONS:
No restriction as to age sex nationality amateur or professional Should be unpublished arts No restriction as to number of art by one person and collaboration

AWARDS:
1 Grand prize=1 person(US$8,000.00 and a trophy)
2) Bandai prize=2 persons(US$2,000.00 and a trophy)
3) Gold prize=3 persons(US$1,200.00 and a trophy)
4 Silver prize 10 persons(US$400.00
Note Due to the floating exchange rate, prize money may be changed At present, we assume US$1.00 is equivalent to ¥250(Japanese Yen)

METHOD OF ENTRY:
Send your artwork to the office by April 30 1983 Application form should be attached to the artwork

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS
Schedule a special feature on the September issue of Starlog magazine (August 1 1983 on sale in Japan) Will inform the winners directly by mail

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re The 2nd International SF Art Award

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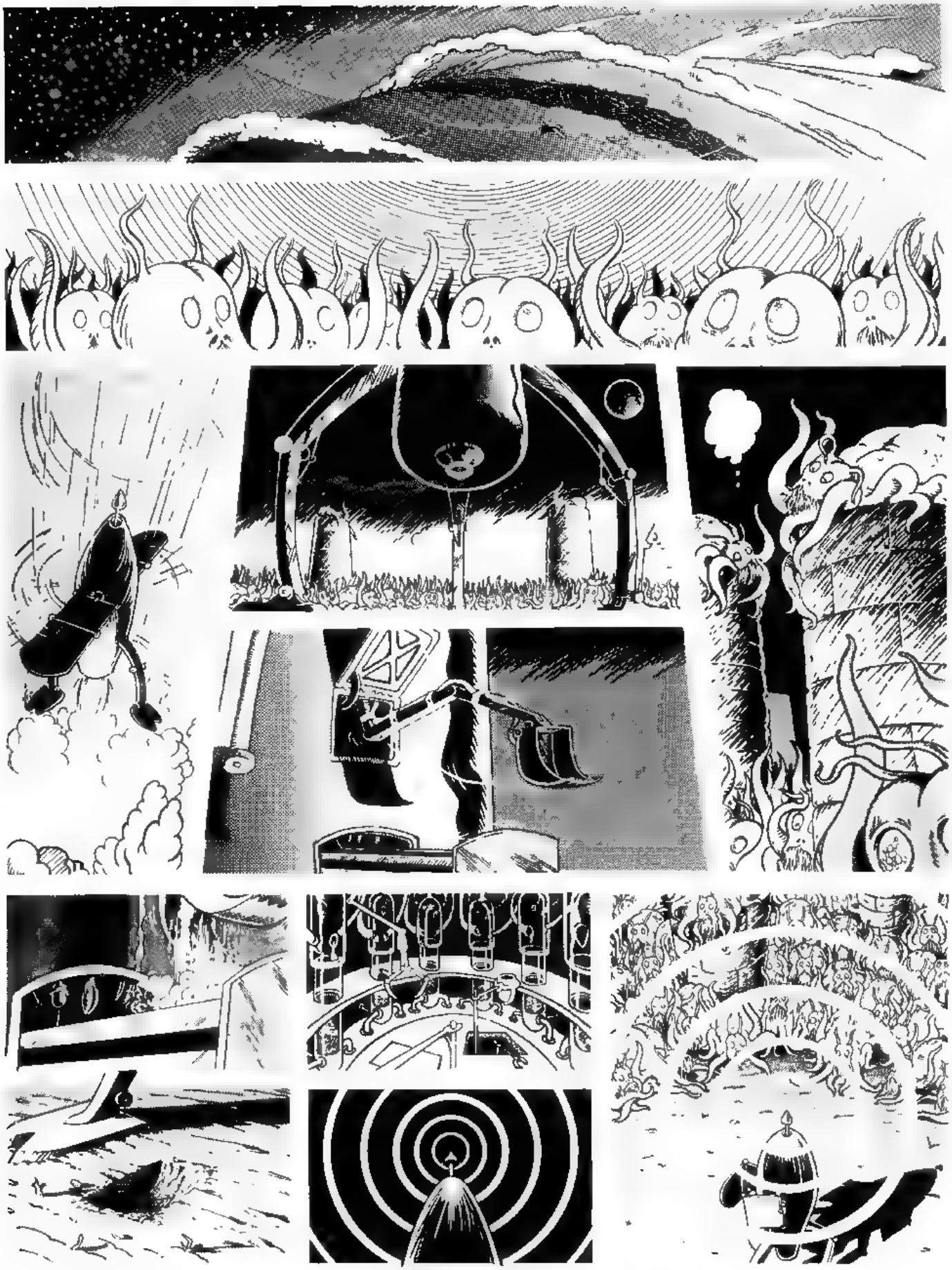
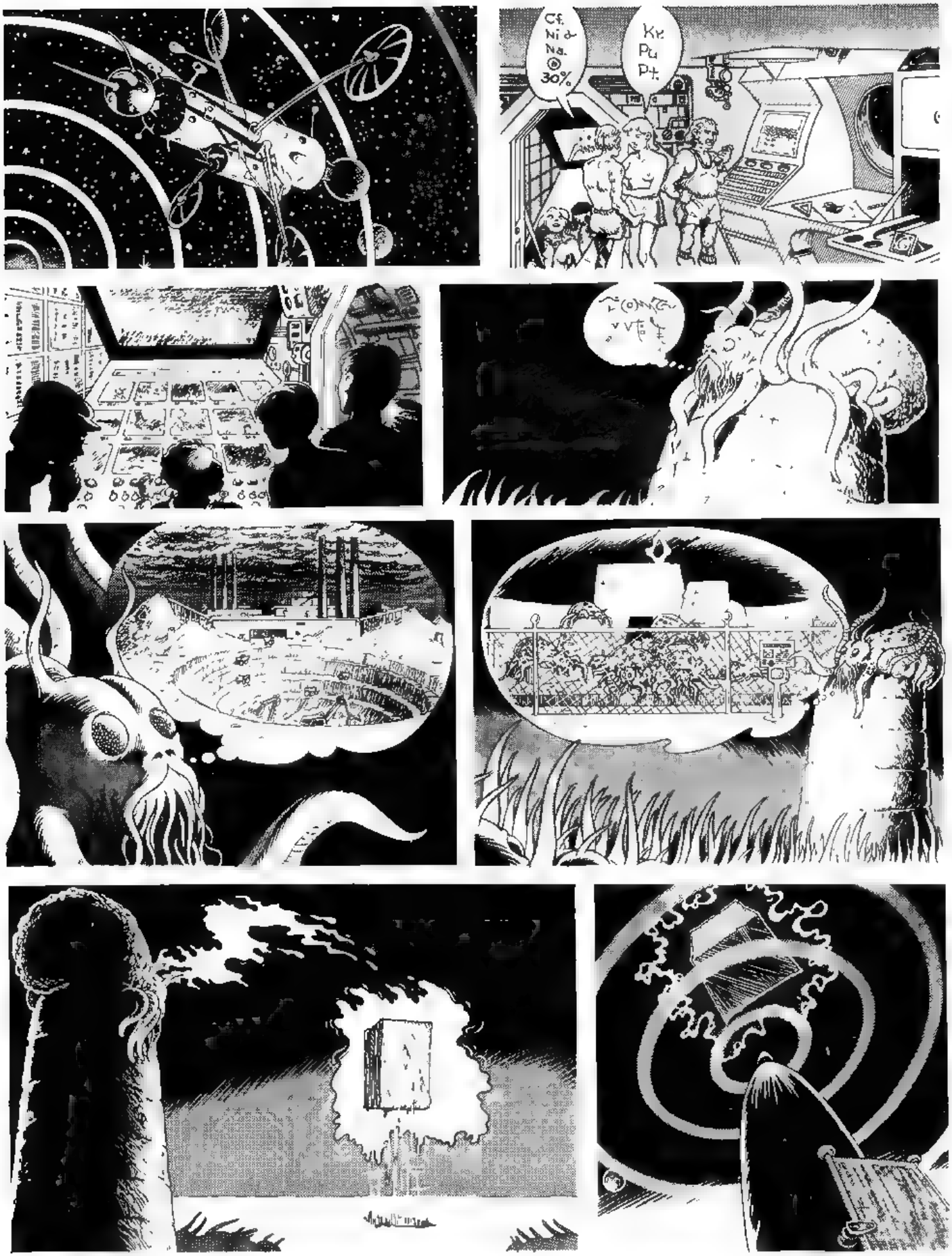
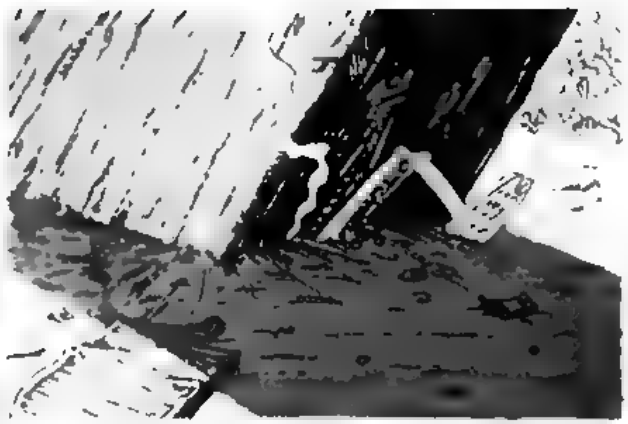
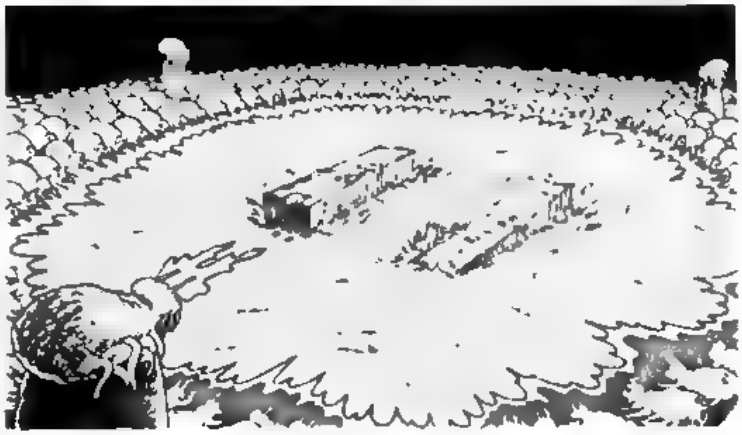
THE 2ND INTER'L SF ART AWARD APPLICATION FORM

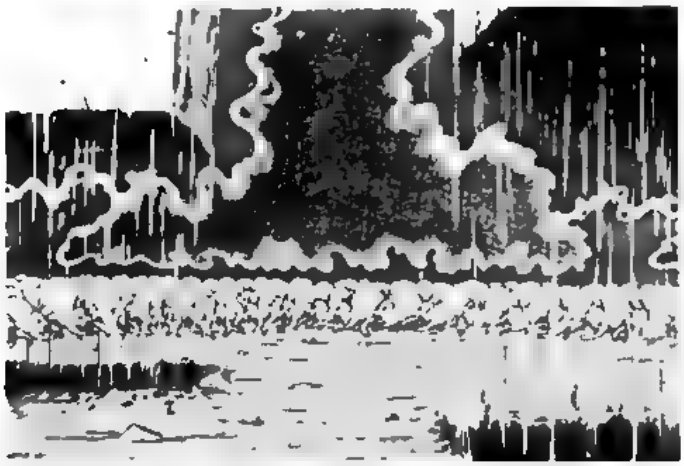
■Division of Art _____
■Title of Work _____
■Name _____
■Address _____
_____
(Zip Code State
■Tel _____ ■Age
■RETURN OF WORK
DO YOU WANT YOUR ENTRY BACK?
YES( ) NO( )
(YES) we request you to enclose 30 International Coupons(available at post office) to cover the return postage Your work is to be sent by sea No personal check is acceptable

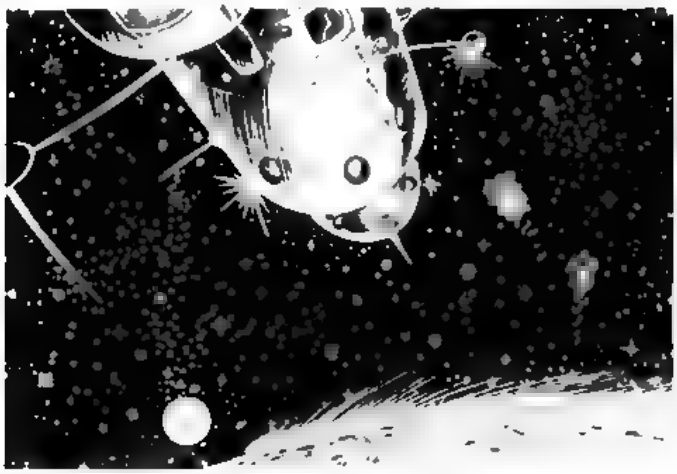


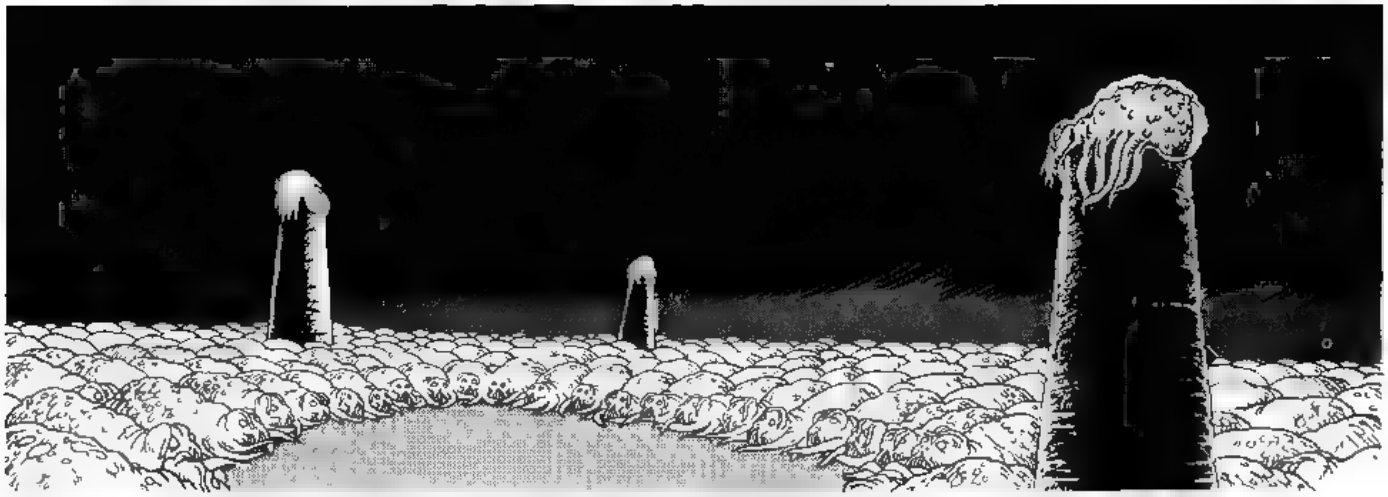

Cf. Ni & Na. @ 30%
Kr. Pu Pt.

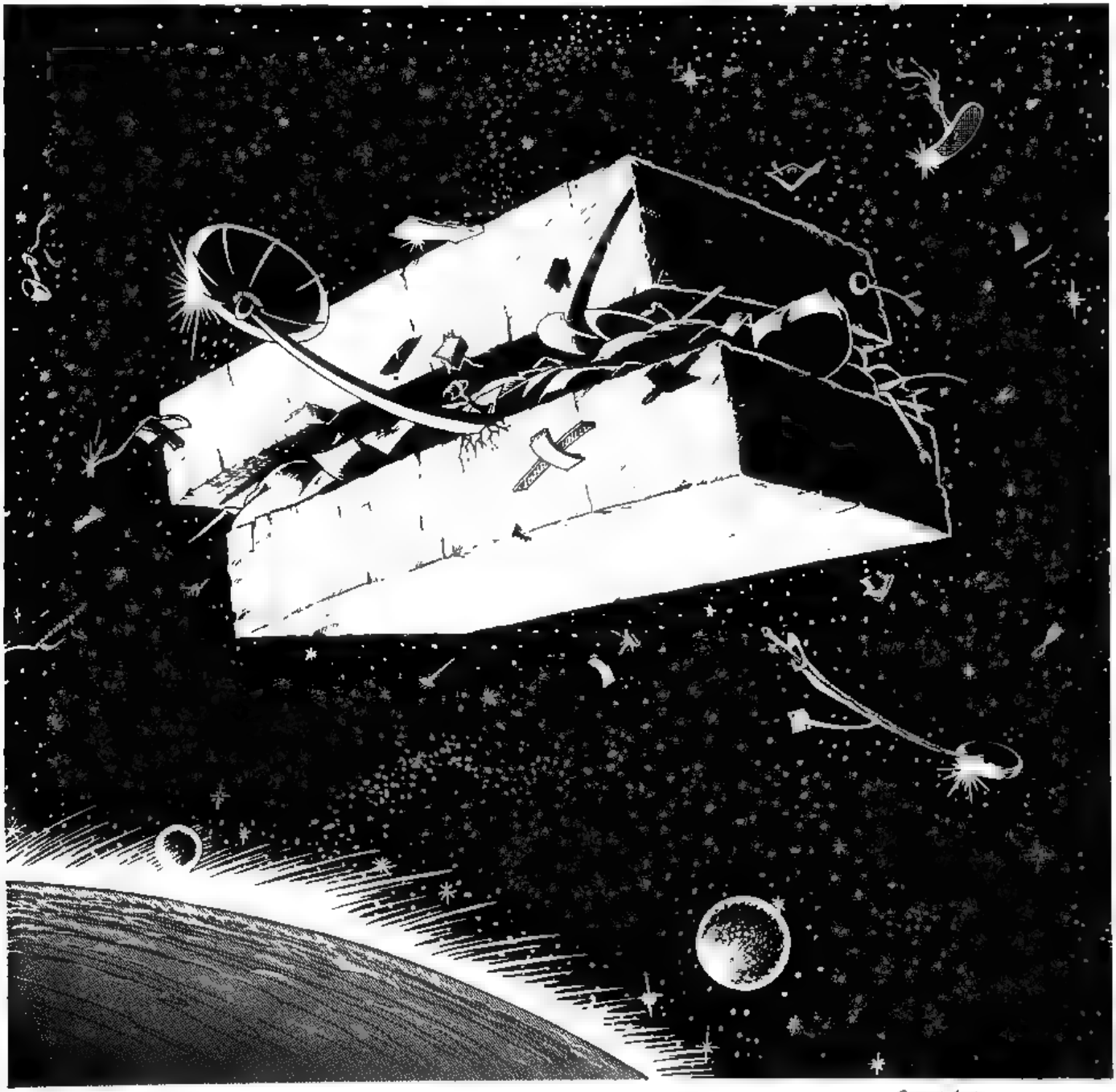












Geo. Metzger '79

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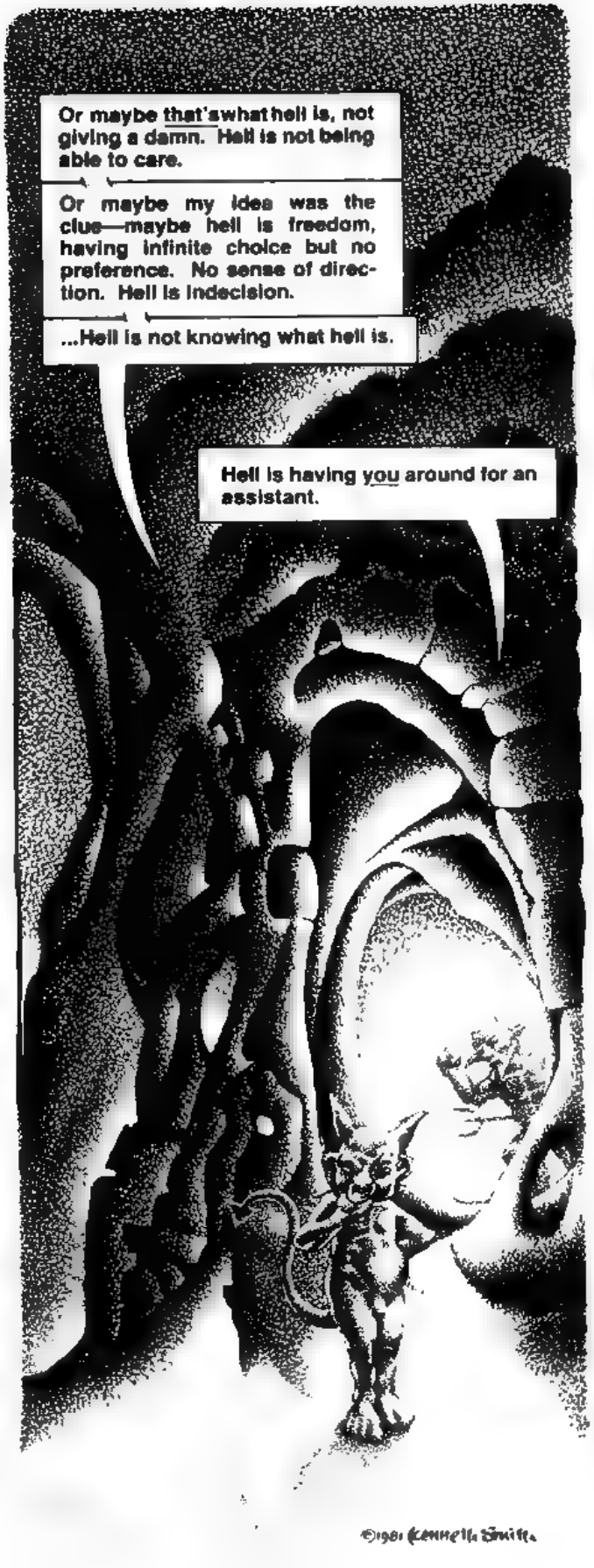
HELLFIRE
©1984 Kenneth Smith.
Stoke it up, that sulphur hassta really saturate the place.
Hey look, just because we outwardly appear to be demons doesn't mean we gotta make hell out of this place.
Everything hassta be true to its nature. That's life. It's fulfilling.
Nah, we don't...we're free. We make ourself inta whateveh. And anyway, if this really wuz hell, wouldn't it be full of frustration and destruction and the pursuit of the unnatural? Hell is the one place where nothing can fulfill its inneh nature. Hell is spoilage, impotence—nature-rot and nature-rage.

Goddammit, you always make it so hard for us to do our job.
If we were meant to be demons, then torture and sadism would be fulfilling for us and hell would be heaven—to us.
Well, hell if I know—maybe we were meant to be angels and being demons is really frustrating. Maybe we are practicing self-denial all day and only think we are happy. I really don't give a damn.


Or maybe that's what hell is, not giving a damn. Hell is not being able to care.
Or maybe my idea was the clue—maybe hell is freedom, having infinite choice but no preference. No sense of direction. Hell is indecision.
...Hell is not knowing what hell is.
Hell is having you around for an assistant.
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The spectacular first issue of this little seen magazine contains work by Jeffrey Jones, Rick Geary, Spain, Gray Morrow, Trina and many others recounting their personal recollections of the wild 1960s. *Great fun!*
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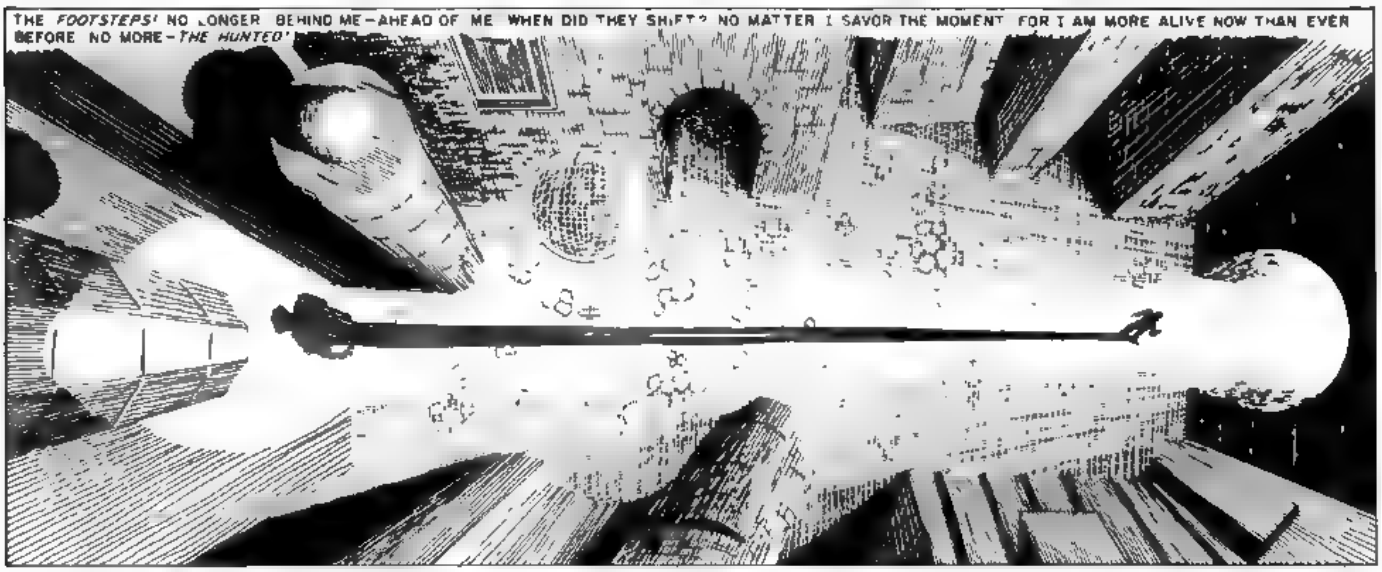
JUNE 2050

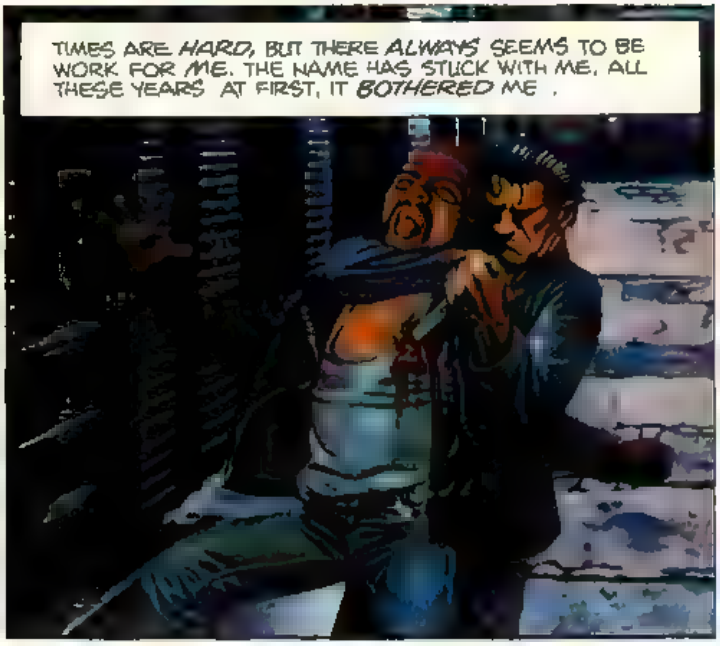
BY ANDREW SIMMONS
ILLUSTRATED BY NICK CUTI

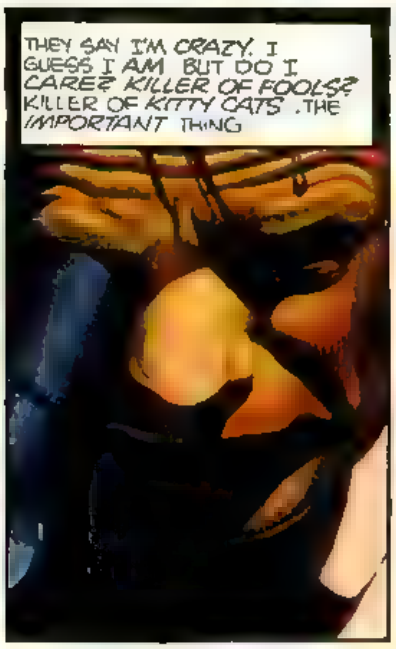
THERE ARE TWO STEPS TWO SOLITARY STEPS THAT BELONG TO TWO SOLITARY STRANGERS, SIMILAR ONLY IN OUR STEPS
I WALK ON — NEVER ACTUALLY ESCAPING BUT BLUNDERING DEEPER INTO THE ABYSMAL DEPTHS OF THAT ACHING SOUND
THE STEPS ARE BEHIND ME AND I MOVE MORE QUICKLY SO AS NOT TO BE CAUGHT I AM A *TARGET*
I AM NIMBLE AND STRONG AND I AM TOO AWARE OF HIS MOVEMENTS TO BE TRAPPED
I AM A CAT SLIPPING THROUGH THE SHADOWS, AS TIRELESS AS A HOUND AND AS DESPERATE AS A GAME FOX
AND I *RUN!*
A VICTIM HAS ONLY ONE INSTINCT — TO *LIVE* AND SO I RUN AND RUN
I WOULD RUN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS JUST FOR ONE MOMENT WHEN I WOULDN'T HAVE TO RUN


THE *FOOTSTEPS!* NO LONGER BEHIND ME — AHEAD OF ME WHEN DID THEY SHIFT? NO MATTER I SAVOR THE MOMENT FOR I AM MORE ALIVE NOW THAN EVER BEFORE NO MORE — *THE HUNTED!*

BUT STILL I RUN. HIS TIRED STEPS QUICKEN WITH THE SAME RESOLVE FOR LIFE THAT I HAD MY BLOOD SURGES THROUGH MY BODY, INFUSING NEW VIGOR I CHASE AND I WILL CONQUER

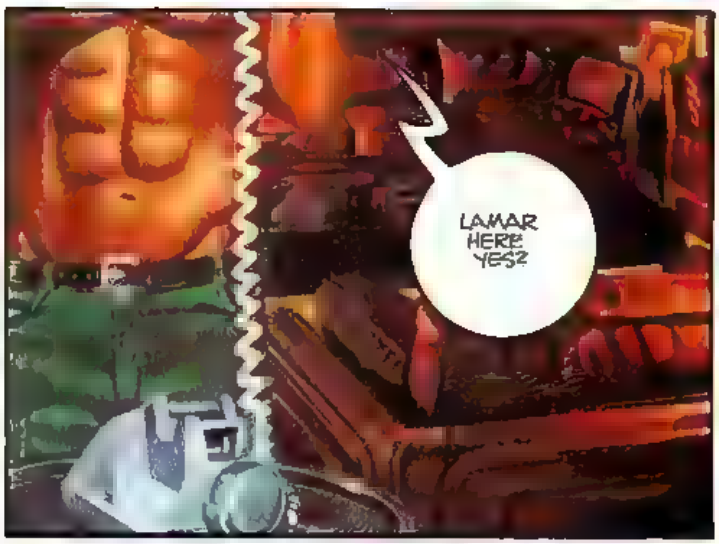
AT ONE TIME, I DEVOTED MY EXPERTISE TO ONLY THE *MENTALLY ILL* AND THE *DERANGED*. THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED ME "*THE KILLER OF FOOLS*." I'M MUCH *EASIER* TO PLEASE NOW. I'LL KILL *ANYBODY* FOR A *BUCK* AND A *HOT CUP OF COFFEE*.

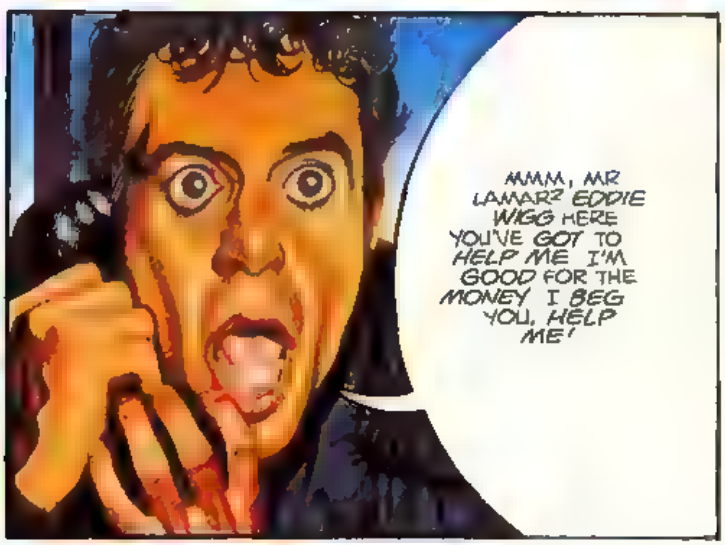




LAMAR: KILLER OF FOOLS

TEXT BY P. SETBON ILLUSTRATED BY P. POIRIER





YOU'RE KILLING MY EARDRUMS, OLD MAN. LOWER YOUR VOICE.
I I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED FOR DAYS. THESE WEIRD GUYS, DRESSED IN BLACK. THEY WALK LIKE ROBOTS.

CALL THE POLICE, MY FRIEND. I AM A KILLER BY TRADE, NOT A DETECTIVE
I CAN PAY YOU $200,000— CASH!
I GUESS IT'S ALWAYS POSSIBLE TO CHANGE OCCUPATIONS, EVEN AT MY AGE

WE HAVE BEGUN OUR DESCENT TOWARDS MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. PLEASE FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS AND EXTINGUISH ALL
I SHOULD BE DONE IN TWO OR THREE DAYS. THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY THAT NICE LITTLE RED JAGUAR THAT'S BEEN GNAWING AT MY POCKET FOR SO LONG
INTERNATIONAL DEPARTURE
duty free shop
MR LAMAR! MR LAMAR! IT'S ME! I THOUGHT I'D PICK YOU UP MYSELF.
THEY THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME TO THE AIRPORT. I FEEL BETTER JUST SEEING YOU IN THE FLESH!
ISN'T THAT JUST DANDY. NO ONE HAS EVER TALKED TO ME LIKE THAT BEFORE (WIMP!)
237! 237! NOT NOW! PUT THAT GUN AWAY! AND PUT YOUR MASK BACK ON! DAMN PILE OF METAL! YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME TONIGHT!

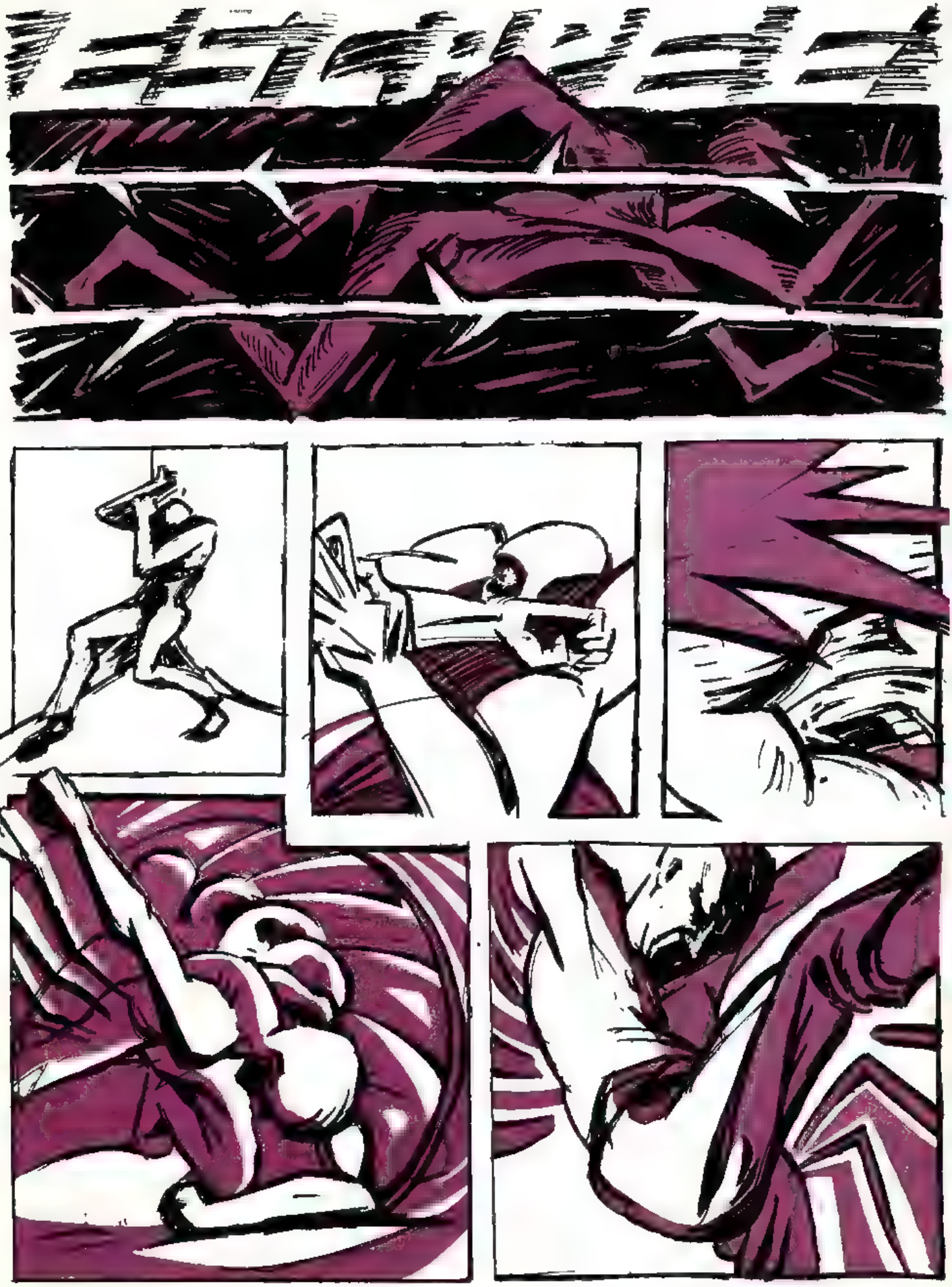
I I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY WANT WITH ME. IT'S BEEN WEEKS NOW. HEY! LOOK! WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED
SLOW DOWN I'LL GET THE CHAUFFEUR
HEY, LAMAR, THEY'RE RUNNING INTO US!
PERFECT! BRING ME THE KILLER AND LET THE OTHER ONE COOK!

GOOD GOD! MY HEAD WIGG THE ACCIDENT WHERE THE HELL AM I?
HELLO, SIR WELCOME TO OUR HOUSE WOULD YOU LIKE A SNACK?
IS EVERY THING ALRIGHT, MR LAMAR? I DO HOPE SO LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF I AM LOUIS FARGO, SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR, AND POET
I USED THAT POOR MR WIGG TO GET YOU TO COME TO MIAMI I AM AFRAID THAT I AM A SPOILED CHILD I ALWAYS NEED NEW TOYS HAHAHAHA..
I'VE BEEN MAKING THESE ROBOTS SINCE I WAS A CHILD I'M TIRED OF THEM I WANTED A MORE "ALIVE", AND DANGEROUS TOY
AND THIS NEW TOY IT'S ME?

YES! I NEEDED A TOY LIKE YOU. AN UNCONTROLABLE TOY, FOR THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME IN THE WORLD
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY "WESTERNS" DO YOU LIKE WESTERNS?
WE NEED A GOOD DIRECTOR. AND CAPABLE ACTORS, ESPECIALLY FOR THE FINAL DUEL
HAHAHA, YOU UNDERSTAND QUICKLY, MR LAMAR
YEAH WELL, I'M USED TO CRAZY PEOPLE
BUT, YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG. I'M NOT CRAZY I'M A GENIUS! MY ROBOTS ARE FIFTY YEARS AHEAD OF THEIR TIME. I SIMPLY WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN. GET YOURSELF READY!

BLAM!
BLAM!
PTENGG!!
HAHA. ONE POINT FOR YOU, MR LAMAR
I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE. THIS SMELLS LIKE A TRAP!
KLONGG!!
KA-BLAM
BLAM!
CRAASH
BLAM! BLAM!
TCHKLINGG!!
QUICKLY, NOW THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW.

MR LAMAR, WAIT! YOU'RE OUT OF DANGER NOW!
WAIT A SECOND, MY FRIEND! IT'S REALLY ME THIS TIME. YOU WERE BRILLIANT!
THANKS TO YOU, I WAS ABLE TO FULFILL MY OLDEST DREAM. TO SEE MY OWN DEATH. IT WAS QUITE THRILLING!
THE LIFE OF A SCIENTIST IS REALLY VERY DULL, YOU KNOW AH, BUT THIS KIDNAPPING, THIS DUEL, THOSE SHOTS! I CAN NOT THANK YOU ENOUGH. HERE'S YOUR PAYMENT FOR YOUR HARD WORK
THANK YOU, MR FARGO. GLAD TO HAVE AMUSED YOU SO, IN EXCHANGE FOR THE KIDNAPPING, THE ACCIDENT, THE BULLET IN MY ARM.
.. I'D LIKE YOU TO HAVE A FREE BONUS.
BDAM!
A SECOND FREE DEATH HMMMM. "KILLER OF FOOLS" IS RIGHT
END



gins "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America.

#49/APRIL '81. Art and the Nazis. Corben's Bloodstar. Giménez's "Goodbye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals: Fête!" Plus Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview with Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres. Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman.

#52/JULY '81. Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up.

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81. SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81. Shakespeare for Americans. 1st episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Bilal and Steranko.

#56/NOVEMBER 81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles and Corben. Plus odd ending to "The Immortals: Fete."

#58/JANUARY '82. Our "Happy Future" issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon and "The Autonomous Man" by Davis, Chudnow and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al.

#59/FEBRUARY 82: Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al.

#60/MARCH '82. Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy.

#61/APRIL '82: Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th.

#62/MAY '82: In this issue, we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution," and let you look at "The Art of Dr. Seuss." Schwertberger. Plus "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb. All surrounded by regulars Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten and Fernandez. Enjoy.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc.

#65/AUGUST '82: We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pasquale and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: We give you Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard, etc.

#67/OCTOBER 82. You'll have "Scary Dreams" after reading our special horror section. It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S. Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck," Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does Denni and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82. A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog" and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus our regulars Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and our regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc. Happy reading.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*. Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and our regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

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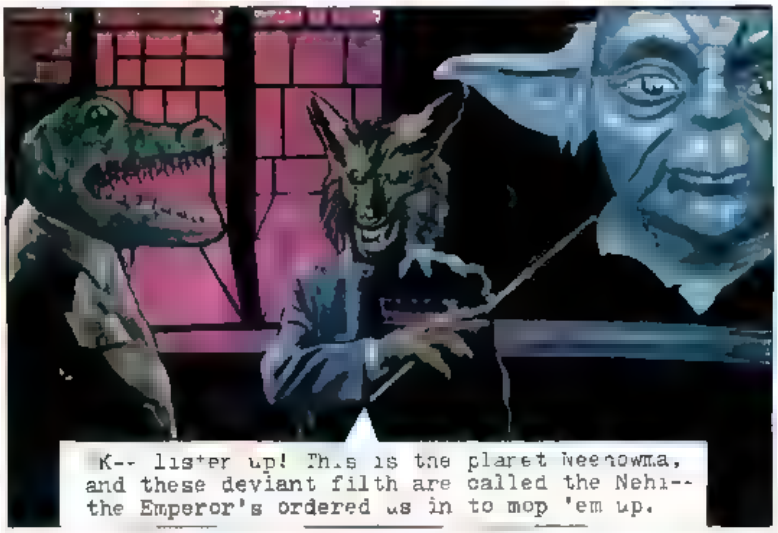
ROCK OPERA

Marty and I had been on Barrakis-- the infamous boot camp planet of the Imperial Star Guards-- for less than two months, when our outfit was given its marching orders.

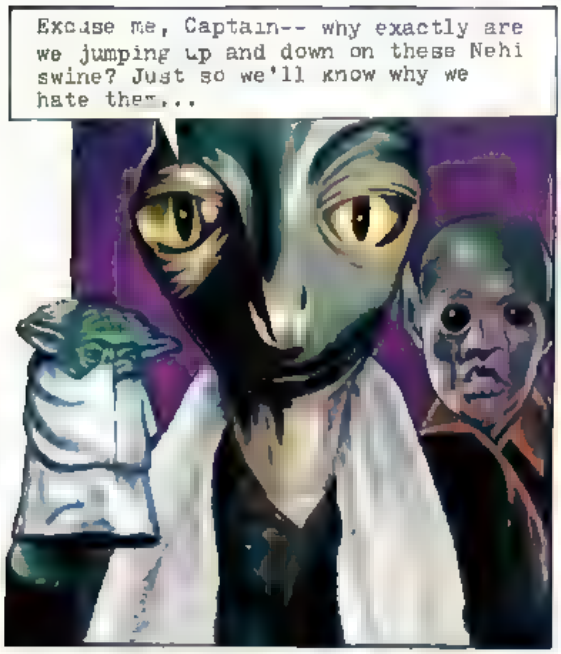
Hey, wow-- we're probably gonna lay some Fascist head trip on the masses, man.



K-- listen up! This is the planet Neenowma, and these deviant filth are called the Nehi-- the Emperor's ordered us in to mop 'em up.

Sgt. Webfoot is passing among you, handing out these rubber Neni puppets-- and I want you to show me what you think of them.

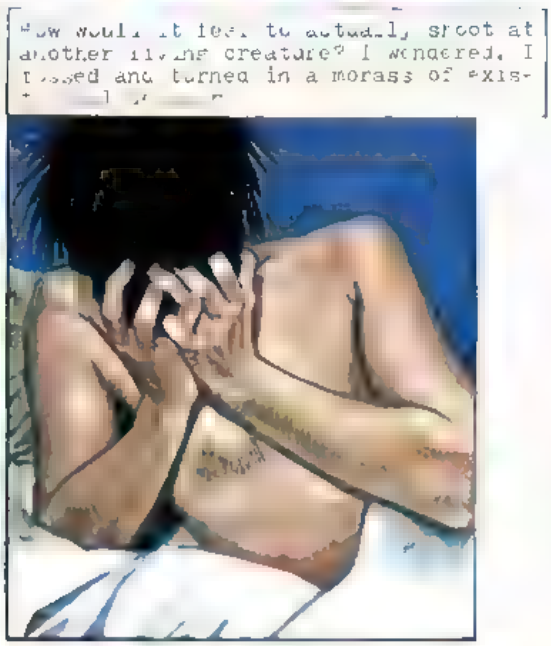
KILL! KILL! KILL!

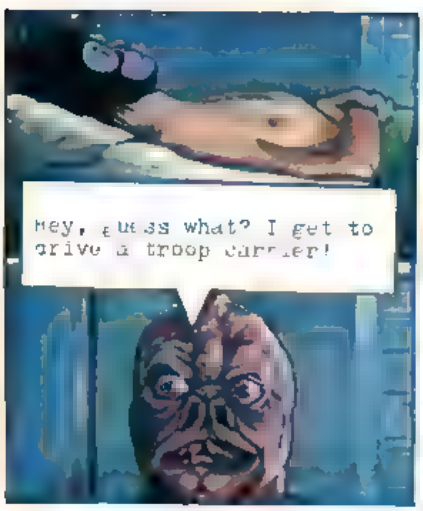

Excuse me, Captain-- why exactly are we jumping up and down on these Nehi swine? Just so we'll know why we hate them...

Well, they're all tax cheats, aren't they? I mean, the try to income average on their short forms, and... and they don't report TIPS!

They don't report tips, SIR! KILL! KILL!

The night before we were due for transport on the starship, I lay awake in my tank,


How would it feel to actually shoot at another living creature? I wondered. I tossed and turned in a morass of exis-


Hey, guess what? I get to drive a troop carrier!

That's great, Barfatz. I'm sure you don't have any doubts about what we're

Nope! Hey, wanna have a fortune cookie?

The worst part of war is the waiting; during the tedium of the trip, only Four Eyes was inclined to discuss pacifism with me--
--So first we blow up the Emperor and his family, and then we hold, you know, really mellowed-out purification trials...
What about you, Marty? Don't you feel funny about butchering innocent sentient beings?
Hey-- who's "Mr. Sensitive" around here, baby?
But seriously, just think of the possibilities- me entertaining the troops, my own Christmas special, USO chicks.
All right, quiet down, you miserable COCKROACH DROPPINGS! We jump in 30 seconds.
But, Sergeant-- I don't want to go first! I'm scared!
Shut up, 'Kid", and JUMP!
Help!

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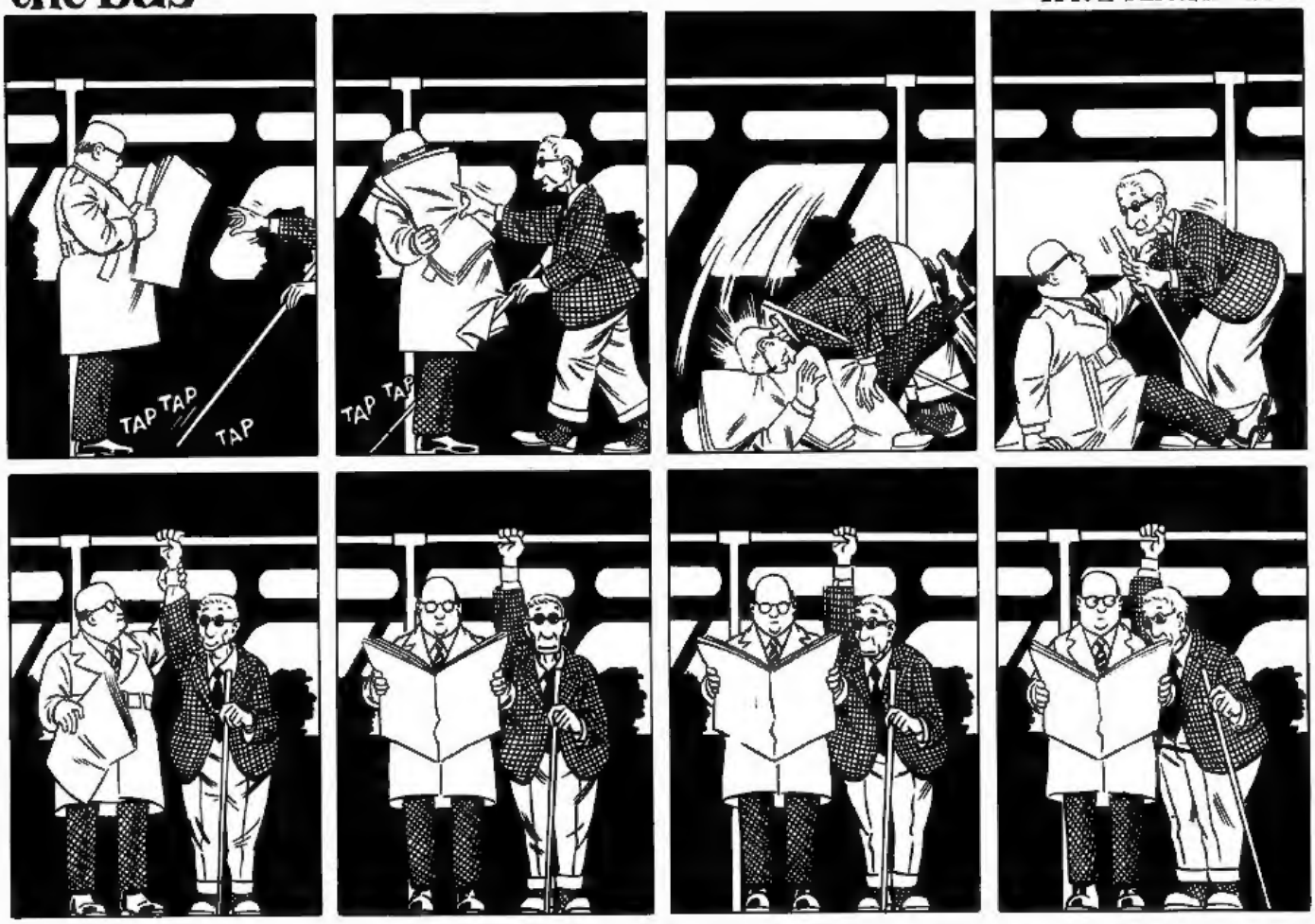
My plastic pod-chute bore me gently toward the ground; the pods of the other Star-guards floated above me in the angry sky.
Down toward the planet of the Nehis we dropped, to unleash upon these tax-evading little creatures all the horrors of war.

To be continued...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



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